
The OUTLINE *of* EVERYTHING



HECTOR B. TOO GOOD

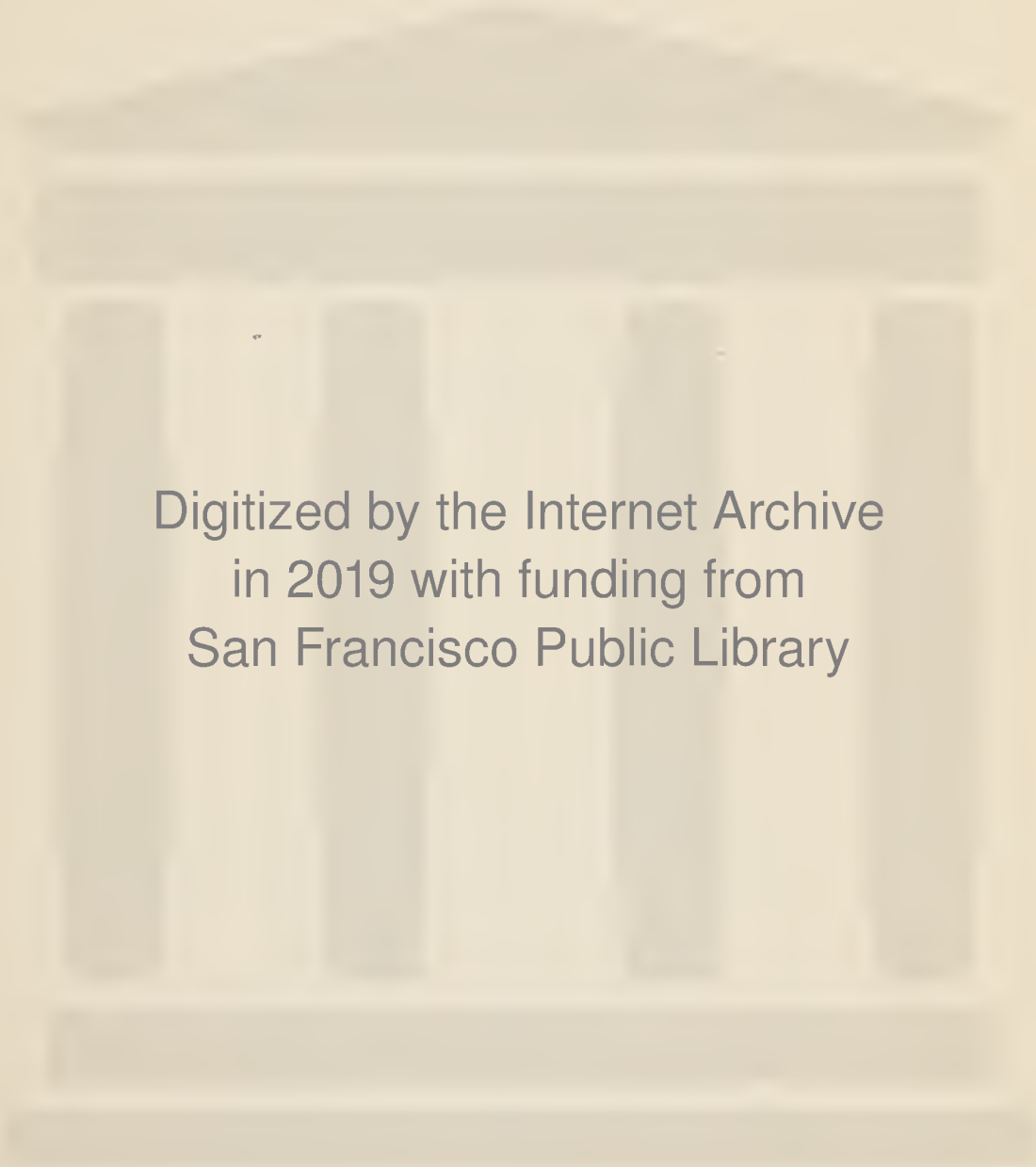


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THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING



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"THE CHALDEANS WERE AN INDUSTRIOUS PEOPLE OF NOCTURNAL HABITS." Frontispiece. See page 96.

THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING

BY

HECTOR B. TOOGOOD

WITH A CRITICAL SURVEY OF THE
WORLD'S KNOWLEDGE

BY

SIR J. ARTHUR WELLSWATER, R.A., H.G.

INTRODUCTION BY HUGHE JAWPOLE



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INTRODUCTION

BY THE EMINENT ENGLISH AUTHOR
HUGHE JAWPOLE

WHEN first I had the proud privilege of meeting Hector P. Toogood, I was a child in arms. How I placed my baby hands on the smooth bald spot that is to this day to be discerned at the centre of the great scholar's noble head, and then, losing myself in his whiskers, cried lustily until my mother rescued me, I have told in my book of fond childhood memories — the one which carries my career up to the age of three, and which is published under the title of "The Lacquered Egg-cup."

All this transpired many years ago, before the eminent man of letters had launched on his brilliant career as an Outlinist. But I shall never forget how my mother used to treasure, in the years that followed, the prediction that

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was uttered on that occasion by Dr. Toogood: "Madam, your boy will go far, and he will make himself heard."

As to the first prediction, I have come to America to lecture on six occasions; as to the second, I trust that it needs no proof.

But, my dear American friends, I will not linger on childhood memories. Suffice it to say that a sequel to "The Lacquered Egg-cup" is even at this moment in the hands of my publishers. I have been asked to write a preface to Dr. Toogood's astonishing compendium of the known and the unknowable, his magnificent survey of the world's art, science, history, philosophy, and literature, **THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING**; and it is of Dr. Toogood that I wish to speak. Ah, you Americans have read my books and you have heard my lectures, but you will never, never know the full measure of the love I bear your country. Your beautiful women! Your colossal and amazing skyscrapers! The scale on which you carry on your democratic enterprises, and your idealism in business!

But Dr. Toogood's gigantic work needs no

INTRODUCTION

further apology from this, my humble pen. I defer to my colleague, Sir J. Arthur Wellswater, who will do some further introducing of Dr. Toogood and will then oblige with a brief critical introductory survey of the world's knowledge.

HUGHE JAWPOLE.

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THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING

THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING

A CRITICAL SURVEY

§ 1

I want to speak my Mind about some matters
of moment to the Human Race . . .

§ 2

When I look round the world as it is to-day,
I somehow keep on feeling that all is not well,
or, to put it more simply for my less quick-witted
readers, that all is not as it should be. To err



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(as Arthur Brisbane and Doctor Frank Crane have often said) is human. But that is no reason for declining to combat error wheresoever we may find it.

These profound truths were haunting my Mind persistently when the publishers approached me, as publishers will, with a proposal that I should evolve an "Outline of Everything" in my spare time. I hesitated. . . . But I have decided now to undertake this gigantic, cyclopean, gargantuan and mammoth task.

Believe me, I did not reach this decision without thought. That would hardly have been fitting in one of my standing. I reached it only after prolonged struggles and the deepest heart-searching. ("Am I *really* worthy?" I asked myself repeatedly and repeatedly in the silent night-watches.) But in the end I *did* reach it. And I take my stand upon it. But — there is one thing I want to have quite clear in the minds of all my readers, from cottage to palace, rich and low, high and poor. And that is this:

A CRITICAL SURVEY



That none of us, publisher or editor or printer or map-maker or advertising manager or even the illustrator, *none of us*, I repeat, has any motive of Gain or Profit in undertaking this scheme of universal enlightenment, this Great Crusade against ignorance. None at all.

Why, then, do we do it?

You may well ask. For our answer, read § 3.

§ 3

We do it because we love the Human Race.

§ 4

That is all.

I have put it as simply as I can, because "Simplicity First" is our motto in this work. Let me explain our guiding principles.

Looking round the world (as one does), I have long been struck by an astounding error in Human Mentality. In this country of ours to-day, incredible as it may seem, there are literally hundreds of thousands of persons who quite



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honestly believe that Knowledge in the broader sense is something which can only be laboriously acquired, dragged out of many books, hammered out of long experience and purchased in no fewer than six hundred and twenty-eight (628) fortnightly parts in England, or, in America, forty-nine (49) volumes. It is pitiful! These benighted people actually think that Learning is as slow to acquire as furniture on an instalment system!! What a tragedy is here! What useless, bootless, fruitless toil they must give themselves!

And why?

Because no one until the present moment has troubled to *systematize* the vast field of Human Knowledge. Art and Science and Etiquette and Literature and History and Savage Tribes and Childrens' Innocent Questions — they have all seven been treated as separate items in the Great Audit of Human Achievement. With what result? I ask myself . . .

A CRITICAL SURVEY



§ 5

The "Outline of Everything," under my supervision and Professor Hector B. Toogood's editorial direction, and with the assistance of no fewer than eight hundred and forty-four Experts (not including the illustrators, apprentices under 14 years, and the advertising staff), will provide you with the sum total of Human Knowledge in *One* volume.

There . . .

§ 6

How can this be done?

That was a question which I and the 844 other Experts had to face. But we faced it. We loved the Human Race. We were resolved that Mankind should no longer labour and struggle in darkness of the spirit. And so for months and months we faced it, separately, in relays, all together, 845 of us (still not including the illustrators, apprentices under 14 years, and the advertising staff). We considered the problem from every angle, every slant, every viewpoint



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even. We read books of all kinds, quartos, folios, duodecimos. We discussed and considered and pondered, all of us, month after month.

And while we, the 845 toiled, the others were not idle. Already the illustrators were hard at work, ransacking all the museums of Europe, America and Sumatra to provide the Lavish Illustrations which they guessed (and rightly) we should require; many of the apprentices passed the age limit of 14 and automatically became experts; and the advertising staff had much to do in a quiet way of its own.

But at last our labours were rewarded.

Not in any material sense. But by Victory. For at last (and there has been no more historic date since the invention of gunpowder) we saw the light. For the first time in the recorded history of Man,* it was decided to abandon the illogical and out-of-date method of Alphabetical Classification of Learning, which had been used

* "Except in the case of Chu-po-Ling, supreme encyclopædist to the Msfu Dynasty, c. 5348 B.C." (J. K. L., Chinese Expert). "So *you* say" (J. A. W., Editor).

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in dictionaries, encyclopædias and telephone-books since the very darkest of ages. A crude and misleading system, of which the world is well rid! Yes, for the first time in the recorded history of Man,* it was decided to adopt, in this all-embracing compendium of knowledge, a system of Classification by Terminations. For by so doing, we perceived, the whole *schema* and ground-plan of the learning and art of all the ages would be instantaneously simplified and clarified, expenses of publication would be reduced by at least 99 per cent., and the Human Race would be brought quite visibly nearer the Millenium.

§ 7

Our deliberations, then (I say it in all modesty) were not in vain. The science of Terminology has been invented. A special staff of 75 Super-Experts, with myself as their co-ordinating chief,

* "Except in the case of Chu-po-Ling, supreme encyclopædist to the Msfu Dynasty, c. 5348 B.C." (J. K. L., Chinese Expert). "I *will* not be led into futile arguments" (J. A. W., Editor).



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was appointed to draw up a plan of campaign for this new Renaissance of Learning.

And after a very few weeks of further consideration, it was unanimously decided that an Outline of Everything could be ranged under these terminations :

The Utions.

The Osophies.

The Ologies.

The Ographies.

The Isms.

The Ics.

And so on.

§ 8

And here, I feel, I must stand aside, and leave the exposition of the new learning to the Experts who have so kindly devoted their lives to this disinterested end. I have said my say and filled my space, as the publishers have asked, and now I shall confine myself to the unobtrusive task of consultant supervision. . . . You

A CRITICAL SURVEY



are embarking upon the deep and perilous seas of Knowledge. The voyage may be long and the hardships severe. But take courage! For you may go forward with a firm step, assured that my thoughts are with you, as constantly, as invariably, as my name is writ upon the title-pages. . . .

§ 9

We all have our uses. . . .

(Sgd.) *J. ARTHUR WELLSWATER*



THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING

I

THE OLOGIES

(Specially written by the Editor Himself)

LET who will rhapsodize on the so-called melody of the nightingale (it is but a normal function of the ornitho-laryngeal organs), on the faded splendours of an Athenian urn (which are no more than a slow process of calcine decomposition), or let who will sing with needless repetition their impassioned strains of the isles of Greece, the isles of Greece (which are merely sporadic oxidic-limestone and granite-up-cropping formations on the Ægean subaqueous structure) . . .

An Outline of Human Progress.

For myself, I would sing you the stern and austere glories of Science; of the triumphant

THE OLOGIES



Progress of Man from out the welter and ooze of the ages, out from the sea and slime and muck of the remote and inconceivable Utions; of his Conquest of earth and sky and water, of the glorious procession of the upstanding, on-striding handicrafts, flint and bronze and ferro-concrete; of the all-encompassing, ruthlessly advancing, never-resting, onward-treading chariot-wheels of the beneficent Isms, the fragile and beauteous Osophies, the tense and rock-ribbed Ologies . . .

The Ologies! Symbol of mind's conquest of matter! Pythagorean emblem of permissible and not unscientific awe! Domain of the microscope and the cells, tissue and padded! Proud realm of tireless research and infinite pains, on the strict scientist's give-and-take basis! Yea! beneficent are the Isms, and beauteous the Osophies, and bland in their modest abbreviation the Ics — and I, who, in Oxford University and Long Island, have read both the screed of Science and the open book of Nature, shall be



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the last to detract from their legitimate splendours, and the last to throw the first stone at their occasional but pardonable incompleteness of their epistemological exegesis. But still I reiterate — for me, the Ologies !

With the fluke-worm (*biology*), the earthquake (*geology*), and the cerebral lesion (*psychology*), I am happy and at home. Speak to me in hushed whispers of *histology*, with a break in the voice of *pathology*, and loudly, happily, triumphantly, with a peroration in your tone and a clash of silent symbols in your ears, of the splendours of *etymology* and its offspring *terminology*, on whose far-flung tenets rest the very foundations of the “Outline of Everything”. . .

But space presses, does it not? I must be brief. Not a word too much, not a line too pregnant with cosmic truth, must the Outline contain.

I must be brief . . .

I am pressed for space . . .

But I could not help pausing with a gesture

THE OLOGIES



for just an instant, here on the brink of the agonized Ologies . . .

Biology.

Entangled as it is with the immemorial ooze of the *Utions*, biology is difficult to comprehend as the undoubtedly individual entity that it is in the hierarchy of Science. To put the matter more succinctly, biology is biology and must not be confused with evolution. That is to say, that, while biology is the handmaid of evolution there is nothing scandalous in the relationship.

The province of biology is the classification, labelling and naming of all animals. So we see at the outset that the biologist's is no mean prerogative. Some biologists, we are bound to admit, have taken a mean advantage of this proud privilege, and have given unnecessarily harsh names to animals which they did not happen to like. It would be unfair, however, to advance



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these isolated cases against the dignity and integrity of the science.

A Charming Pet.

The biologist must first capture his animal. Then, having cut it open to see the works, and placed a label upon it, his primary concern is to determine its ancestors and its first cousins. And the first question which he must answer is: *Does this animal belong to the land or the sea?* Now, to the layman, the obvious way to determine this would seem to be by deciding whether it swims or not. But the layman, as usual, errs. Consider how inspiring an instance of biological evolution and decadence is furnished by the ring-tailed wombat of Palisade, New Jersey. This creature, much sought as a domestic pet by the chief hostesses of upper Fifth Avenue, if placed in the water will promptly swish its tail furiously *and vainly attempt to tread water*. If then it is not promptly removed, it will fold its attractive tail, turn up its toes, and perish in great agony

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with plaintive whimpering cries. *But* — between the elongated toe-nails of the ring-tailed wombat as we know it to-day the biologist has detected the rudimentary scales of *webbed feet* !! There are those who say that the ring-tailed wombat merely keeps its pedal extremities carelessly, but to this it can be replied that the plumage and horns of the ring-tailed wombat are none otherwise than immaculate, and its nose is always neatly wiped — an unanswerable argument.

And this is not all. If now we make a careful examination of the rings on its striated tail, we shall observe that *each separate ring* has an indented border, pale pink in hue, and within the ring itself there is a small dot, the whole being somewhat similar in pattern to a ready-made lounge suit ordered by parcel post. The pale pink borders and the dots within the rings are nothing but *rudimentary gills* !!!

But our chain of evidence is not yet complete. The gills in the striated tail of the ring-



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tailed wombat would serve it for steering when submerged, but where do we have the propelling force? For the answer, we invite you to observe the texture and conformation of the *head* of the ring-tailed wombat on the next occasion when you observe one. Note, please, the neck: it is shaped like the bottom of an egg-cup at its base, then tapers off gracefully, swells again at the base of the horns and the drooping ears, widens again to a bulbous shape, and *at the bill* sharpens out to the outline of a pair of shears lying flat!!!!

Ingenuity of the Wombat.

Now, mark this carefully, for to the trained eye everything has a meaning. From the fossils of ring-tailed wombats extracted from glacial strata, we know that this creature existed in those remote days when the earth from the North Pole almost to the Equator was covered with a frigid mantle of glaciers. These were trying times for wombats. But with the scis-

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sors-like bill, the dauntless creature learned to dig its way through the hurrying, slippery glaciers, to its natural habitat in the ocean, and could often be seen diving gracefully, spreading its horns, into the frigid water. Then, by the weight of its top-heavy head, the body turned completely round, executing a neat somersault, the gills in the tail churning the water like the paddle of a side-wheel steam-boat, into a frothy foam which concealed its progress from sharks, mammoths and other enemies of its toothsome species. But the *tail*, as we have already pointed out, *acted merely as a propeller*, by means of which this marine animal steered its course. The actual means of locomotion were the bony formations that we see to-day surviving as the horns of the ring-tailed wombat, *which to this very day are double-jointed ! ! ! ! !*

A Relentless Hunter.

Here, then, we see the most completely equipped creature of the sea that is known to Science



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— with oars, webbed feet, propeller and gills, its head and vicious beak tucked gently under its shoulders, turning over and over and over again with the motion of a revolving sphere, and churning the water fiercely while it avoids its pursuers or seeks its prey. Once the prey (sea-mules and oysters were its staple diet) is sighted, the ring-tailed wombat first stuns it by lifting its tail and splashing the frightened creature with icy water, then projects the scissors-like formation of its beak, cutting the helpless victim into two portions, one of which is devoured at once, the other being carried off and put in cold storage in a convenient glacier.

But with the passing of the ages the sea-mules developed a hide sufficiently tough to blunt the edges of the shears of the wombat, and this ferocious beast of prey was *forced to take to the dry land* for sustenance. And that is why the few surviving members of this tragic species at this late day have *actually forgotten how to swim!* Blunted are their horns, closed and sealed are



THE RING-TAILED WOMBAT CUTTING ITS HELPLESS PREY
IN TWO WITH ITS SCISSORS-LIKE BEAK. Page 18.

THE OLOGIES



their gills, and the only surviving glories of what was once a proud monarch of the deep, are the smooth, unruffled plumage and the lustrous surface of the striated tail. . . . We warned you that biology was a melancholy subject . . .

Quite So.

Ah, biology! When we know the story of the ring-tailed wombat, we know all. Man, too, had a tail in his day, but where is it now? Man, who once lived in the tree-tops and shied cocoanuts on the pates of his foes, now drags out a miserable existence below, in a world of wage-earning, and flat-dwelling, and income-tax forms . . .

Yes, we, too, are going the way . . .

Of the ring-tailed . . .

Wombat . . .

Down . . .

Down . . .

The æons . . .



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Psychology.

All *psychology* is divided into two classes, the new and the old. Where the old *psychology* was merely a mildly amusing study of the innate foolishness of mankind, the research experts of the Rockefeller Foundation have discovered, classified and put into practical operation at least 40,432 new kinds. (See the Isms.)

Theology.

Theology is a science to be approached reverently, for two reasons — the first being that it is the study of God, the second being that in modern times it is a specialty of our favourite demigods.

Applied theology was discovered by Mr. H. G. Wells. (See “The Soul of a Bishop” and “The Secret Places of the Heart.”)

Egyptology.

We shall treat presently, in the department of *Æsthetics*, of the beauty, the unfaded splendour,

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and the general magniloquence of art in Egypt under the reign of the good king Monkhahotep. But after all, what can a mere director of the *Ics* know of the far-flung, widespread and exalted science of Egyptology? Practically nothing. True, the specimens of Egyptian art he has given are admitted to be at least three thousand years old. But, as directing genius of the *Ologies*, we are not to be outdone. We have unearthed from the mysterious and dusty sands of Egypt the shirt of the Pharaoh Egg-ard-boild, proven indisputably by the laundry marks and the lustrous *je ne sais quoi* of its awe-inspiringly beautiful, though somewhat extreme pattern, to be at least TEN THOUSAND YEARS OLD!!!

Reverence for Antiquity Desirable.

Is your breath bated? Do your eyes grow large, and your mouth wide, with astonishment? Does your face pale? . . . No, we thought not. Alas, this is an age that is accustomed to great sensations, an age that is jaded with sen-



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sation, an age that for all its vaunted *savoir faire* is lacking in *sine qua non*.

Canine Intelligence Demonstrated.

Modesty compels me, however, to state at this juncture that it was through a stroke of transcendental luck as much as from the fruit of a lifelong scholarship combined with a natural aptitude for the Ologies that I made the great discovery. I chose to take my annual vacation in Egypt last year on the five-hundred-dollars-all-inclusive tour that I cannot recommend too warmly to all serious students of Egyptology. I took with me my pet hound Tobias. One afternoon I was strolling with Tobias down one of the most ancient of Egypt's thoroughfares in search of refreshment that is theoretically unobtainable in New York* when Tobias began to act queerly. Suddenly he snarled and dashed madly across the street, straight over a wooden fence and into the modest garden of a fellaheen's

* But I am a scientist, and not a theorist. H. B. T.

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home, where the washing was hanging out to dry in the quaint Egyptian custom. I followed, somewhat alarmed. Tobias continued to make queer noises, and then suddenly began digging furiously with his paws. Presently he unearthed a bone, and ran off with it, growling contentedly. But was I satisfied? Briefly, no. I was convinced that there was more in this than met the eye. I enlarged the hole with my stick, digging feverishly . . .

And that was how I made the great Egyptological find of the age, the Shirt of the Pharaoh Egg-ard-boild, containing, in addition to the laundry mark of which I have spoken and its stupendously gorgeous and efflorescent designs, an inscription that gives to the world for the first time —

The True Story of the Sphinx!

I know there are some who say that in the heat of my excitement I knocked a shirt from the fellaheen's clothes-line, and that *this* is the



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shirt I discovered. It is an aspersion that deserves to be answered with silent contempt, but in answer I point to the inscription on the neckband — in the clear black hieroglyphs of the ancient royal launderer which, deciphered, read: E. A. B. (the abbreviation of the royal name), and, underneath, the dates: B.C. 10,000, B.C. 9,997 — one date for each of the two occasions on which the royal shirt was washed. There are no further dates, but every man who professes to understand the merest elements of Egyptology knows that the great monarch Eggard-boild, in the lavish munificence and royal extravagance that in the end brought his mighty dynasty to grief, scorned to wear a shirt that had been laundered more than twice.

An Insoluble Mystery Solved.

But I will not dwell on an unnecessary defence of my scholarship. Having unravelled, for the enlightenment of all succeeding ages, the eternal mystery of the sphinx, I hasten to give a repro-

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duction of the shirt of King-ard-boild (only slightly reconstructed), and the verses inscribed thereon by the royal poet, which I have translated for the benefit of those of my readers who are not familiar with the *nuances* of the ancient Egyptian tongue. To modern taste, the verses may seem somewhat strong, but I ask my readers to take them as they find them, in the spirit of ancient Egypt. Also, I must point out that modern scholarship has ascertained that the royal poet was having trouble with the censors.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE SPHINX

Nought but desert sand surrounds in barren wastes, and windy mounds, the Sphinx. She never feels the wind that blows, she never comes and never goes. She thinks. But once in every thousand years (I've watched you see) I have my fears. I have my fears, I have my fears — she winks.



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The story goes (I'll tell you straight) Noh-no the Prince conceived a hate for girls. The Prince from sight of women fled, the very thought would set his head in whirls. Yet for his chaste ascetic ways the people would not give him praise. They said: "We've come on evil days" — the churls!

Wherever troops of women flocked the Prince was obviously shocked, at these. The morals of the land were sad. This every history, good and bad, agrees. But when the ladies made advances at public fêtes and royal dances, and sought to win him with their glances, he'd freeze.

The Prince, to all the nation's glee, was captured once, presumably, by foes. His captors, they were thieving Huns. Their women folk were wicked ones, were those. They seemed to think his attitude towards women was not only rude but — (they, you see, were very crude) a pose.

THE OLOGIES



At any rate, they told him flat, if he would try escaping, that he'd die. But if he would behave himself, surrendering all his earthly pelf, they'd try to make things easy as they could if Noh-no acted as he should — in other words, if but he would, comply.

The atmosphere grew warm and warmer, disturbing Noh, the first reformer, intensely. Quoth he: "Well, here I can't uplift. It would be bad to use my gift, densely." You see, a maiden fair had danced before the robbers. Noh had glanced and — well, he liked her, as it chanced immensely.

"Well, since from sin I cannot stop her, I think I too will be improper," said he. He whispered in her ear, and then — she called to all the robber men, did she. She spoke, and great her anger grew: "So this is how all men are true! The test is over. Go, for you — are free!"



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The maiden who had made the test (a princess) for the deed was blessed, by all. The Prince, he shortly left the land, for he, as one may understand, felt small. And lest the story be forgot, they built her statue on the spot, the Sphinx, whose kindly face should not appal.

The statue stands in sand and dust, but every thousand years it must rehearse — a joke, for men who've seen the Sphinx, they say she winks, they say she winks, to nurse her joke, which is (she is not sad, she's really never glum nor glad) "All men who think all others bad, are worse."

THE TURES



II

THE TURES

PRE-EMINENT among the Tures, by reason of its genteel association, stands Literature.

Literature may be considered under two heads, *viz.*, (1) Pure Literature, and (2) Applied Literature. Conforming to our usual differentiation of the systematization of knowledge, we shall treat (1) first and (2) second. Pure Literature has been entrusted to the able and expensive pen of ex-Captain Debenham Phipps, O. B. E., who won a sudden aureole of glory as the, or rather The, soldier-poet of the late War, and has since been known in the two hemispheres gladdened by his thrush-like song as the Man Who Makes Poetry Pay. The article on Applied Literature, however, was commissioned for the Outline from a prominent pragmatical



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critic whose modesty is, here at least, girdled with anonymity.

(1) PURE LITERATURE

(Specially written by ex-Captain Debenham Phipps, O. B. E., author of *Bloody Mud and Other Poems*, 1915; *Thud, Thud! and Other Poems*, 1916; *The Nightingale Behind the Lines*, 1917; *Safe and Sound, and Other Poems*, 1918, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.)

I stand sometimes upon a rising weald that swells gently up towards a blue English sky not far from my remote Sussex homestead. My feet are planted on its sweet nurturing turf, close-cropped by a thousand generations of our kindly English ewes, and, although I do my best to avoid causing unnecessary pain in a world that has suffered long and suffered much, they sometimes crush unwittingly the primroses and the violets that push softly up to smile at spring and the flickering larks and all that is good and

THE TURES



gracious on the weald. I stand there gazing out over the soft checkerboard of field and copse, copse and field, that lies between me and the sea, and there (the shepherds tell of it in the cosy inns o' nights) I may be seen standing and standing, adream, adream . . .

How it Comes to Him.

For in that pale mingled scent of our English primroses and violets that creeps up from where I crush their fragrance, there is something of a strange and beautiful intoxication. Sometimes, i' faith, it brings up from my heart a Poem, sometimes a whole Play comes welling up within me in long, cool gushes of blank verse, and yesterday — quite soon after I had received Sir Arthur's request for a sweeping survey of Pure Literature — there came to me a Vision that I cannot soon forget. May I share it with you to-day? I should like to.

You must know, readers mine, that over the top, over the summit, of this weald of ours,



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there runs a road, an old road, a road that ambles and curves and winds and wanders as deliciously as only an English road upon an English weald will. And it was while my eyes rested upon this comforting sight, following it, caressing it, loving it, that my vision came upon me. For suddenly there, in the spring sunlight that seemed like a very essence of the yellow marigolds down yonder by Chumberleigh Pools, I saw, coming up and over the crest of the slope, a great procession. A great procession — the words are simple and bare, but they stand for something very, very wonderful.

Vision enjoyed by ex-Captain Phipps.

For that procession was the passing-by of all the great men, aye! and the great women, too, of the world's great Literature. In twos and threes and singly, and in little groups and larger coteries, they came trooping along that grassy primrose path: Homer and Wordsworth and Racine; Cervantes too with faithful Sancho

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Panza by his side; Shakespeare like a walking star and wise old Demosthenes; Fielding and Whittier and Mr. Edmund Gosse; old Sam Johnson rolled by with busy Boswell hard at hand, and Omar Khayyam walked between, with gyves upon his wrists; Héloise was there, and Mr. George Moore and Mrs. Aphra Behn; Virgil and Horace and sweet-tongued Diderot and M. Margueritte were close behind, and among a great throng of high immortals, I could see Euripides and Henry Arthur Jones, Pepys and Repington and a gentleman in a fluster, Nietzsche and Dr. Crane and merry Socrates, Gibbon and Hendrik van Loon, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells and the inventor of the Dictaphone, and many and many a one who seemed to turn a half-reproachful, half-forgiving eye upon me as I stood there staring: for in their immortality they must have known that I had not read their books. . . . And then I saw with delight that many of my own dear friends were there among them (but their names I dare not men-



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tion now), and I envied them their converse with the great undying ones. And suddenly there where I stood upon the scented turf, I hailed them with a handwave and a cry: "Hi! May I come too?"

But — but there was no answer. A silence. Blank. Utter. Only the distant tinkling of a sheep-bell from a coppice beyond the windmill and the oast-houses. Silence. I was alone. All that glorious company was gone, all of them, ghosts swallowed up in the sunlight and the silence.

But I had *seen*.

And I have told you how. All the glory of Literature was there that afternoon, on that English hillside, outlined for me to see against a blue, blue sky. And now you have shared it with me, that unforgettable vision.

I sometimes stand upon a rising weald. . . .
May be there is a Poem in that too . . .

D. P.

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Brilliant and stimulating as ex-Capt. Phipps' entrancing rhapsody is, we yet feel that our readers might be none the worse of some more precise information as to the leading figures of Literature. We have therefore prevailed upon our biographical experts to furnish a summary of literary biography from ancient to modern times.

Homer.

The poet Homer is the starting-point of all literary history. This makes him an extremely important figure in the development of Literature, as it is unlikely that Literature would ever have come to anything if it had not had him as a nucleus to start on. Yet it is impressive to think that no first editions of Homer's poems are now extant, and that he himself wrote in the days before there were any publishers.

The absence of publishing firms in these far-off days is a great pity. It would be interesting to know what the readers' reports said of his



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manuscripts, which must have been exceedingly bulky, and, on account of his blindness, far from legible. And it is a pity that the lack of an efficient publicity department also means that we have practically no personal knowledge of this otherwise famous poet. Incredible as it may seem to an enlightened age, there is not one photograph of Homer in golfing knickers taking the nineteenth hole of the Artexerxian Course, or beaming on his third bride on the temple steps: not one jot of information as to his favourite breakfast food or what colours he fancied in neckwear: not one tittle of a hint of the huge price paid for the dramatic, movie and radio rights of his serial epic, "The Odyssey" (re-named in Hollywood "The Lure o' the Wanderlust"): and not the ghost of a humorous paragraph in the book-columns recounting the new and amusing episode of the housekeeper to whom he proposed to present a book as a birthday gift, and who replied disapprovingly, "A book? Oh, I gotta book, thank you."



"HOMER'S FAVOURITE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT WAS THE
LYRE." Page 37.

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Ah, well! There may have been compensations in those simpler, sweeter days of Arcadian Greece. Homer, it is believed, never had to butt his head against the stern, stone-walled truth that authors propose and publishers repose. And he never found himself forced to go to America to lecture in order to pay the English income tax on his American royalties.

Homer, in spite of his great age, was easily the champion long-distance poet of all time. "The Odyssey" is 1,432 lines longer than the longest poem by Alfred Noyes, and has other points of superiority.

It is known from many contemporary sculptures that Homer's favourite musical instrument was the lyre. But this was even then an old-fashioned instrument, a fact which accounts for one of the most serious defects in his poetry — the absence of jazz. This is admitted by even his most wholehearted admirers, who include many highly educated persons. A further defect, while we are on this subject, was his



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lack of knowledge of the uses of the dot and asterisk.

Virgil.

Virgil was the author of Latin text-books for high-schools and colleges. Virgil was the greatest authority on the use of the pluperfect subjunctive, and the complex subject of Latin grammar in general, that ever lived. Indeed, what weary nights and days he spent, what Herculean energies he expended in evolving these long poems so accurately that they would pass the eagle eyes of generation after generation of examiners, no man knoweth.

The master mind of Virgil, which had so easily assimilated the most intricate involutions of syntax, enabled him also to absorb the most abstruse mythological and classical allusions. He enjoyed a great reputation for this, and the Romans of his day, most of whom spoke Latin fluently and with correct quantities, took great pleasure in reading his work — almost as much,

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it is said, as the modern scholar does in parsing it.

But then, after all, poetry was never quite a respectable profession, and it is only by dint of making hard work of the reading of Virgil that scholarship has succeeded in de-vulgarizing him.

Dante.

Dante wrote the *Divine Comedy*, but it is no joke to read it.

But Dante was not nearly so learned a man as many people give him credit for. Only recently, for instance, the editor of this Outline himself was looking through his edition of Dante's works, and marvelling at the erudition of a medieval Italian, as Dante was. But he suddenly discovered that all the footnotes, glossary, and fine-print commentary were not written by Dante at all, but by one Anastasius Sweezy, Ph.D.! This was an eye-opener. And off-hand, it sounds like a case of plagiarism; but in justice to the memory of the deceased poet,



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we must point out that he died many generations before Dr. Sweezy was born.

In addition to being a talented poet and an intrepid traveller in this and other worlds, Dante was a great discoverer. For he discovered that romance and marriage do not always go together. He was married himself to a scolding wife, but wrote poems at a girl named Beatrice, whom he had loved in youth. So at least it is said. But there are no fewer than 463 portraits and paintings of Beatrice, and none of them look at all alike, so it is doubtful whether she really existed. But artists are unreliable creatures anyway.

Molière.

This playwright's real name was Jean-Jaques Poquelin. So if he had not by a happy inspiration changed his name, we should not to-day have the plays of Molière at all. On such small things do the destinies of men and letters depend!

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His plays are deservedly famous, and when in Paris one should always go to see at least one, after seeing the Eiffel Tower and the Folies Bergères. They are most educational.

Shakespeare.

Shakespeare was a man who hated school teachers, and for three hundred years they have been getting their revenge on him.

Shakespeare's works, like the Bible and the "Outline of Everything," are very useful to prove things with. One can prove anything by Shakespeare. The Germans, in fact, have proved by his plays that he was a German; and still other scholars have proved that he was not Shakespeare at all, but a wise man called Bacon. This last is called the Baconian theory, and springs from the horrible thought that, being but a crude country bumpkin, he could not possibly have written a satisfactory treatise with footnotes, glossary, interlinear comments,



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variorums and deckle edges on even one of his reputed plays.

Yet, in spite of this colossal fame, only two persons in three hundred years have been kind to the memory of Shakespeare. One was the first man who named a tavern after him. And the other was a reformed school teacher named Clemence Dane who wrote a play about him, and gave him a few human weaknesses.

(2) APPLIED LITERATURE

(Specially Contributed to the "Outline of Everything" by Z. Z. Z., author of "Does It Pay?" "Make It Pay," "How It Pays," "The Pay's the Thing, and Other Dramatic Essays," etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.)

Many readers may have thought that with ex-Capt. Phipps' musical prelude and the able historical survey which follows, the Editor of the Outline might have been satisfied. But no. He spares no expense for the benefit of his eager

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public, and he has asked me to tell them a few of the facts about literature which may not have been apparent in even a close study of these brilliant articles. I have agreed. And I should like here to address myself particularly to those of my readers who cherish Literary Ambitions, and hope to *succeed* in the stern race of our Twentieth Century culture.

First then, as to making a start. The French have a wise old saw that "*ce n'est que le premier par qui coûte,*" or, to translate, it is only the first paragraph that counts. (And this reminds me that you will find a dictionary of quotations an invaluable friend in your early days on Parnassus.)

Well, my opinion is that the best way of learning all about Literature is to get to know literary people. This is easily done. They abound in even the remotest suburbs, and, being naturally gregarious (as ex-Capt. Phipps has pointed out), they herd together in clubs, societies, coteries, groups and movements with a great variety of



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titles. At first they may seem a trifle forbidding, but do not be put off by this. Stick to it. Mix with them. Get together. Talk with them. And then, almost without your noticing it you, will soon get yourself known among your friends, and even your family, as a Literary Person.

This you will find very useful, as before long you will be obliged to write a book of your own to keep it up. Many of our greatest authors have begun in this humble way. Take encouragement from the case of Lord Riddlebrook, for example. For many a long year this King of the Bookstalls was only an ordinary, plain, work-a-day, strap-hanging politician, such as you might see anywhere, in a tea-shop or an omnibus. But under that quiet, unassuming exterior, there lay hidden the very loftiest ambitions. Mr. Riddlebrook (as he then was) aspired magnificently. He dreamed of being Something More. And one evening, wearied by the humdrum round of political life ("the daily round,

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the common task," as he has since so well called it — see your Dictionary of Quotations), he saw his opportunity — *and took it.*

Quite quickly he determined that *he* must get to know Literary People. It would give him his chance. And accordingly he went out, down to Fleet Street, and bought a newspaper for himself — not of course one copy only, as you or I might do, but the whole lot, machinery and editors and news and opinions and printers and everything. And in this way he soon got to know quite a large number of real practical literary men, many of them indeed quite well read. He persevered. He mixed with them. In fact he got quite mixed up with them, and in a very short time he actually *wrote a book all of his own!* It was called "Making Good," and, as he would often say to his less gifted friends (who were many) this was a very good title because that was just what the book was all about. Of course they always said after that, that what Mr. Riddlebrook (as he then was)



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did not know about titles, simply wasn't worth knowing . . .

Literature is naturally divided into Prose and Poetry. Prose is made in a solid and rectangular shape, while Poetry is born deeply indented all down the right-hand side. This, as the chief of our Biology department points out to me, is a very providential arrangement, as Mother Nature has thus made it possible for the two to be distinguished at a distance, even by the most short-sighted. Thus do the marvels of creation extend even into Literature.

Now if you elect to write Prose, your chief care, apart from grammar and spelling, will be to avoid any unnecessary trouble with the Censorship. Poetic work, however, is never banned, because it has a licence. But prose writers are continually getting into trouble, and even into prison, through indiscretions which could easily be avoided with a little foresight. The trouble usually begins with what are technically known as Scenes of Passion (the "a" is pronounced

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long as in “far”), which for some inscrutable reason inherent in the Larger Plan of the Universe, have a curious attraction for prose writers. However much we may deplore this — and I would point out that although the present work is almost entirely written in prose, it is yet free from any sullyng taints of this kind — we cannot but face the fact that this is so. After all, one must live, as authors are constantly saying among themselves . . .

So my duty, I feel, is to lay down two guiding principles in this connexion : —

I. If your book will contain incidents likely to be condemned as subversive of morality, arrange for it to be printed privately, for subscribers only, like a telephone book. This is both safe and profitable. If, on the other hand, your book contains no such reprehensible matter, use your literary friends to spread a rumour that it does, in a hidden, strange, devastating, occult way, and then publish it through the usual commercial channels. This is still safe,



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and, so long as a police prosecution does not cruelly disprove your rumour, it is even more profitable.

II. To avoid unnecessary prosecutions, with their attendant expense, take care to master the difference between dots and asterisks. Almost anything can be safely expressed with dots, thus . . . or, or even Asterisks, however, are decidedly more passionate, and their use (except for the legitimate purposes of footnotes) is very much frowned upon by policemen and magistrates. Since they generally indicate a long and silent interval in the narrative, they are apt to rouse suspicions of the kind that cannot easily be swept aside. Consider the difference between these two pieces of prose :

1. And now he could sense that, save for that almost imperceptible click of the door-handle, the whole house was wropt in silence. At last, then, she had come.

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. . . It was too much to have hoped for, he thought when she slipped out again.

2. And now he could sense that, except for that almost imperceptible click of the door-handle, the whole house was wropt in silence. At last, then, she had come.

* * * * *

It was too much to have hoped for, he thought when she slipped out again.

The dots, you will see, *hasten* the action, but the asterisks *retard* it, and give the reader time for private reflection and even brooding. Small wonder, then, that the French Legion of Honour (justly so named) has lately prohibited the use of this literary device by its members, whose vote against the tolerance of “*la littérature astériskée*” was passed with only one dissenting voice.

With relief we turn to consider Poetry. This is a much simpler branch of Literature as it is



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usually shorter than Prose. It is a great saving of time to write poetry, and I can recommend it for the use of busy readers.

Beginners would do well to keep to the most approved subjects of poetry, avoiding the more ambitious forms, such as the epic, the *vers libre*, or the five-lined quatrain, until they have mastered the elements. Subjects for poetry are usually rural in character. Birds, cows, sheep, trees, moons, frogs, mountains, brooks, horses, the wicked squire, the open road — all these are recommended by thoroughly practiced poets of the day.

Do not suppose from this that poets practice all they sing. No, many of them live in the most urban, even suburban, surroundings, and rely entirely on their childhood recollections of field and farmyard to carry on their work. Many, again, follow quite prosaic vocations, and only meet their Muse by appointment on Saturday afternoons (Sundays, for religious poets), the rest of the week being occupied in

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useful and remunerative vocations such as criticism, or giving lectures, or grinding axes.

Thus we see that Poetry would be a lost art if it were not for Agriculture, to which we now naturally come.

Agriculture is widely practiced in country districts; luckily it is not spreading. This is fortunate, as otherwise the great cities, true homes of civilization and learning, would quickly be swallowed up by farm-land, ground-rents would rapidly fall, speculation in wheat would be impossible, and much unemployment and distress brought about. Nature is very wise.

It is hardly necessary to enter on a detailed description of the practice of Agriculture. The reader who reads and combines our articles on *Geology*, *Excavation*, and *Meteorology* will readily grasp the main principles, and details can easily be acquired by a few years' experimental farming.



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III

THE UTIONS

Evolution.

ON no department of the world's knowledge, it can be confidently stated, has modern Science lavished more time and painstaking research than on the subject of the *Utions*. One could write volumes, nay, whole libraries, on either of the great *Utions*. But it is our purpose to adhere sternly to the principle of brevity, in other words to be brief. We shall now consider the first and most wondrous of the *Utions*, *Evolution*.

History of Invertebrates.

Long before man was man, he was a most amusing and variegated series of invertebrate creatures that wallowed in the pleistocene mud.

THE UTIONS



Indeed, Science has demonstrated that not even after the lapse of countless generations, of millions of cycles and æons, the ancient proclivity remains, and even in the exalted realms of politics, and in not a few domains of the higher journalism, the atavistic impulse to the ooze, colloquially termed mud-slinging, persists. Among those fondest of this practice, it may be noted, a marked tendency to invertebracy is often observed. Thus does the patient labour of Science link up and correlate even the smallest and most casual of empirical truths.

A Day in the Life of an Amœba.

Evolutionists agree that almost if not quite the earliest form of life on the planet was the amœba (a creature which one drinks by millions in a glass of water, but requires a microscope for proper examination). The amœba is an animal that feeds by the simple process of wrapping itself around its food — that is to say, it shoots out a part of its body, which we call a



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pseudopod, whereupon the pseudopod returns like a bit of elastic to the homogeneous mass of the amoeba's body. Thus we see that this primitive creature is entirely composed of stomach. Certain species of modern man known to Science (*e.g. profiteerensis*, or warhog) have miraculously preserved this quaint characteristic clear through the ages — yet the stomach of the warhog has developed considerably beyond the dimensions of that of the amoeba. This too goes to prove our original point, that the marvels of Nature are simply marvellous.

Now, it goes without saying that the editor of "The Outline of Everything," being an educated man, believes in Evolution. But a stern sense of academic fairness compels us to open the forum to our intellectual antagonists, and admit that there are persons (for whom we have the profoundest respect) who still refuse to give it credence. Among these may be noted Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who refuses to accept the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, one

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of the cardinal principles of this *Ution*, and, indeed, has had the temerity to substitute for it the highly individualistic doctrine of the survival of the fattest. It is said of this arch-heretic that, being told that his theory simply could not hold water, he boldly replied that he had no use for a theory that could not hold beer. That we will fully and freely admit, is a pint in his favour, but it is not Science.

For Adults Only.

But let us be serious. A grave problem looms before us, for we cannot go much further in expounding the fundamental principles of this *Ution* without touching at least on the embarrassing problem of Sex. It is with a certain hesitancy that we do this, but Science will be swerved from her majestic course by no considerations of squeamishness, no notions of false modesty. To the scientist every creature that lives and breathes upon this earth is determined in its career, in its every instinctive move-



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ment, by that mysterious and potent force. The only strictly non-scientific specialists who have ever adequately appreciated this fact are the novelists, who, as every cultivated reader of to-day knows, have long since abandoned the archaic practice of writing their stories in chapters, and now compose them in sexions. There are those who think this is going too far. But it is not for us to criticise outside the strict province of our own subject, and we will leave that to be dealt with by our colleagues under the heading of Literature (see the *tures*).

The evolutionist sees the working of sex chiefly through the medium of the principle of natural selection. Natural selection is the mysterious force within the cave-woman that impelled her to choose as her mate the cave-man who had struck her over the head with a limb of an oak-tree, dragged her to his cave, and barred the exit with a rock. When two fierce ichthyosauri of the male species desired the same gentle female, ages and ages and ages before, and making



"NATURAL SELECTION IS THE MYSTERIOUS FORCE WITHIN
THE CAVE-WOMAN THAT IMPELLED HER TO CHOOSE
AS HER MATE THE CAVE-MAN WHO HAD STRUCK
HER OVER THE HEAD WITH A LIMB OF AN
OAK-TREE." Page 56.

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growling noises at her, locked their horns and bared their fangs in combat till the gigantic bulk of one lay lifeless, making a mountain of a valley, that same potent force within her led her to select the victorious ichthyosaurus as her mate. The other one was dead, and besides ichthyosauri were always scarce. So we see that natural selection is in its way a process of elimination.

If now any reader arises to protest that Evolution is cruel, we reply that it is not for us, who have refrained from criticising the modern novelist, to criticise Nature. And besides, for all her cruelities, Nature has her compensations. She gives the innocent worm, nestling in the white texture of the apple, a protective colouring of elusive white that evades the eye of the devourer of the apple — protective colouration, the basis of the modern art of camouflage. Upon the meek pole-cat, which is born too proud to fight, she bestows a subtle protection that has many a time made the most intrepid of hunters not too proud for flight.



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And so Evolution goes on evolving, staying in her course for no man. Evolution, it is worthy of note, was discovered by Darwin, but existed before him. It is derived from the verb to evolve, which in turn comes from the two words *ex* and *volvo*. *Ex* means “out of,” and *volvo* means “to turn,” and, in a broad sense, “to go.” Thus when we speak of the evolution of man’s intellect (see *civilization* — the director of *ations* is a friend of ours) we mean the process by which man is going out of his mind.

Revolution.

We flatter ourselves that our analysis and exposition of Evolution has been brief, and we will pass on now, with equal despatch, to a consideration of that other great *ution*, Revolution.

Just as Evolution comes from the word meaning to evolve, so Revolution is a derivation of the verb *to revolve*. It is for this reason that we speak of groups of revolutionaries as revolu-

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tionary circles, and this process we see exemplified in the revolution of the Bolsheviks against the reactionaries, and of the Fascisti against the Bolsheviks.

All revolutions are just ones, for a revolution is not really a revolution until it is successful, and all things that are successful are right. (See P. Nonsuch's "From Simp to Success, or How I got that Way"). Seriously, though (for the preceding sentence is of course flip-pant, and P. Nonsuch is a great writer), revolutions are really nothing more or less than the symptom of a turning point in Evolution. Practically speaking, the most serious of the many inconveniences they involve is that they usually spin us so far around the circle that at the end we are back where we started, with a sick headache caused by dizziness.

No consideration of revolution would be complete without at least a note devoted to another and minor *ution*, execution. Thus, Kerensky's revolution in Russia failed because he omitted



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to execute Lenin and Trotsky, an absent-minded lapse for which he has never been quite forgiven. But that of Lenin and Trotsky will fail, as likely as not, because there was not ammunition enough to go round.

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IV

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ÆSTHETICS — A symposium of the world's greatest art critics specially arranged for "The Outline of Everything" and presided over by Prof. Otto Finsterniss, R.A.O.B.

WHEN the editor of "The Outline of Everything" asked me to take charge of the arrangements for the article on Æsthetics, I had (I admit) a moment of hesitation.

"It is a very large subject," I said diffidently.

"They are," said he, firmly. "But I think you are the man to put this through. Go ahead. And spare no expense."

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THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING

Æsthetics a Practical Business.

Æsthetics is the science of knowing what is beautiful and what isn't. Of course, fashion comes into this, but in this work we must stick to the Great Unchanging Verities: A Latin proverbist has well said that concerning tastes, there is no disputing. But Æsthetics is not really a matter of taste. It is a matter of principles, and therefore open to a great deal of argument. This is fortunate, as for this reason it provides a livelihood for a large number of persons of a critical tendency who, left to their own tastes only, might easily starve. By continually disputing each other's principles and character, these people perform a useful function in the social organism, providing much employment for fountain-pen makers, compositors, newsagents, and waste-paper-pulping-works.

The history and practice of Art, of course, is their speciality. And certainly it is the duty of every self-respecting citizen to know the difference (even in price) between an Orcagna and

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an Orpen, a Picasso and a Praxiteles. My duty therefore is to provide a short and simple conspectus of the Art of All the Ages.

Drawbacks to Art.

One word of explanation, however. It has not seemed at all necessary to me, as it has to the editors of certain other publications, to cumber my pages with innumerable paintings, most absurdly-out-of-date in spirit and craftsmanship, by celebrated artists of various schools and epochs. In the course of a busy life, I have often found that these painters (relying no doubt on their reputation as Old Masters) *will represent the self-same subject* (e.g. the Judgment of Paris, the Battle of Agincourt, or even Biblical scenes) *in totally different ways!* This deception may seem almost incredible, but it is literally true, even among painters whose works command prices which no photographic artist, however skilled, could hope to ask for. Doubtless these artists (many of them Italians,



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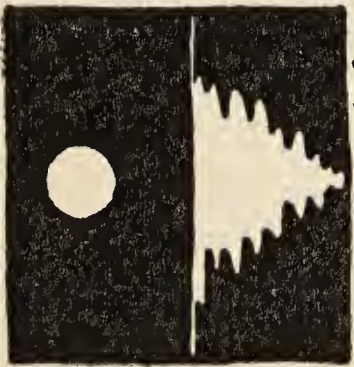
a race noted for its dishonesty) relied on the wide dispersion of their productions over the vast continent of North America to conceal their discrepancies and gross inaccuracies.

So that it has not seemed worth while to perpetuate in this high-minded publication the imaginative and distorted stories of such unreliable witnesses of mythological and historical events.

To illustrate the history of Art, then, I have chosen from my own collection a work by an unknown artist which aroused so lively a controversy among experts on *Æsthetics* that between them they have covered the whole ground. And I propose to reprint here their critical essays on the picture which will be found reproduced on page 65.

- I. The History of King Asser-bapul-adusset XXVII. By Prof. Chung-ling-chung, lecturer in Assyriological Remains at the University of Wei-hai-wei.

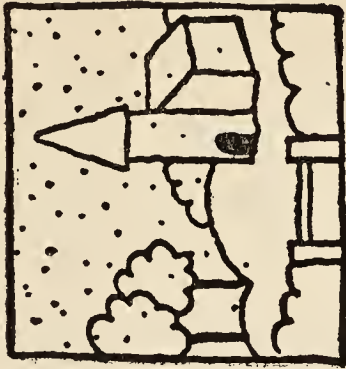
POVERTY
IS NO
CRIME



BEATIFUL night



A
RAY
OF
HOPE



XMAS DAY

Ble22ED

is THE



which feels

FOR ANOTHER

ALL THIS MY
OWN WORK
WITHOUT COPY

SUPERB PLATE GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE WITH THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING, ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF ART. (SEE AESTHETICS.)

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The beautiful work in the collection of my esteemed friend, Prof. Finsterniss, has been under my examination for some time. I find that it is a unique chronicle-picture, its pigmentation executed in coloured charcoal and rare herb-dyes procured from the N. W. plateaus of Turkestan, illustrative of the eventful reign of the great King Asser-bapul-ad-usset XXVII of Assyria (c. 3379–3302 B.C.).

The lettering on the borders, though undecipherable by myself or any of my present staff, is manifestly the work of a scribe of that period. The representations of the river Euphrates by night, the scene of disaster in the centre, and the view of the desert city on the right, are obviously interpretations (primitive but striking) respectively of the richness of Asser's valley-kingdom, the constant perils of inundation, and the rapidly growing prosperity of the capital, indicated by the lofty towers in the view.

The heart is symbolic of Asser's beneficent rule, and the miscellaneous objects grouped at-



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tractively round the whole composition are certainly to be taken as representative of the prosperous state of commerce within the borders of the kingdom.

After all, why not?

C.

L.

C.

II. *And Yet Another Exhumation.* By the Special Egyptological Enthusiast of "The Outline of Everything."

Not soon shall I forget that scene at Monkhamen on the Blue Nile's left, and most historic, bank, when the remarkable painting now in the collection of my esteemed friend, Prof. Finsterniss, was first brought to the light of day after three thousand five hundred years of sepulture and oblivion. Not soon. . . . It was a tremendous moment. . . .



"NOT SOON SHALL I FORGET THAT SCENE AT MONKHAMEN
ON THE BLUE NILE'S LEFT. . . IT WAS A
TREMENDOUS MOMENT." Page 68.

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Appreciation of Egyptian Art.

All day we had waited, breathless and quivering, in the merciless beating of the blazing Egyptian sun. We stood there on the desert's edge, our brave little band of chosen experts and tried special correspondents, with our eyes partly on the momentous and dramatic cavity wherein, we knew, the experts were opening, at that very moment, the last and innermost of all the inner rooms of the inmost suite, and partly too on the surrounding ridges and hillocks of glowing golden sand, black with the myriad throngs of dragomen, papyrologists, dahabeeyah-proprietors, fellaheen, sightseers, pyramid-designers, cinematographers, luncheon-basket-proprietors, and unlicensed experts. Yes, something immense and tremendous seemed to be in the air. What secrets of history, what miracles of art would this long day of waiting bring forth?

At noon there was nothing to report, except that the blazing Egyptian sun was at its height. At one o'clock the myriad throngs were all seated



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on convenient tombs, engaged in gay, al-fresco luncheons. At two o'clock, there was still no news. Three o'clock came. And four o'clock. Five o'clock too. And then six o'clock. And by then the blazing Egyptian sun was beginning to sink in the Western sky, and our shadows, though still taut with suppressed excitement, were visibly lengthening along the golden glowing sand. But even although dinner at the Hotel Splendide-et-Carlton down at Monkenhamen seemed likely to be delayed, our spirits were high. We waited intrepidly. Our reward, we knew, was sure.

And then, at 6.32 precisely, it came.

Emotional Appeal of Egyptian Æsthetics.

Suddenly, with dramatic suddenness, in fact, the curator was seen emerging into the light of the blazing Egyptian sun from out of the dark and historic cavity. He paused for an instant on the steps, and we could see, even from a distance, that his hands were trembling and his

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face was pale. We hastened to telegraph this news to the waiting outside world. He was pale, we remarked, with the paleness of a man who has looked upon a beauty too marvellous for human eyes, and the hearts of all that vast and waiting assemblage went out to him. Something, we felt certain, must have been discovered. It was a poignant and tremendous moment. . . .

But the next, 6.33, was even more so. For it was then that the two native bearers, trusty fellaheen both, emerged, treading each step of the rough, home-made stairs with endless precaution, and carrying, with laborious care and infinite pains, the plain, simple stretcher upon which rested the supreme and paramount discovery — this 3,500 year-old painting which was later to pass into Prof. Finsterniss's worthy hands. And when, trembling with the emotion of having thus played their humble but necessary part in archæological and æsthetic history, they laid their precious burden tenderly upon



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the glowing golden sand, we felt that this moment (6.33) was not only poignant and tremendous, but also cluminative.

And we were right (as usual). For when we came reverently forward, our pencils slipping between our nerveless fingers, to gaze upon the masterpiece of five-and-thirty centuries, we could see at a glance, even in the fading light of that Egyptian sun which had blazed so persistently all day and every day, that we were here at last in the presence of a beauty not hitherto vouchsafed to mortal eyes. And we too, hardened experts though we were, stood there pale and palpitating with emotion. By 6.34 some of us were even weeping a little. . . .

Stupendous Revelations Indeed.

But by 6.38 most of us had handed our sheaves of telegraph forms to the waiting messenger lads, and a great day's work was done. Next morning all the civilized world would know of the blinding new light shed by this discovery on the

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tariff controversy of 1,622 B.C., and how all the common and malicious gossip about the Court of good Monkhahotep XXII was shewn, by the beautiful inscriptions around the picture, to be merely scandal, false and vile, and how this painting had proved, once and for all, the supremacy of the Pavementamen school of draughtsmen.

It had all been very, very poignant. And, as we wended our way back to dinner, we felt that even that might be an anti-climax, if we had not been absolutely certain that next morning the Egyptian sun would surely rise once more above those glowing golden sands, and that next evening would bring, no less surely, some moment even more tremendous, even more culminative. . . .

III. An Historical and Appreciative Art-Summary of the Finsterniss Collection.

(Specially contributed by Doktor Hans Undsoweiter, the world-famous authority on the History of Art.)



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Contra-positional Pigmentation in XV Century Art.

About 1484, eight years before Columbus set sail on his memorable voyage, the Burgundian influence had begun to impinge on the pseudo-Primitive tendencies of the Hispano-Suiza school of religious painters, and, combined, but never altogether unified, with a not imperceptible tendency towards the direct representationalism of the Mantuan followers of the great Ghent Masters, there emerged, in the lower valleys of the Crétin cantons, a new group of *genre* artists to whom Prof. Zwischen has given the appropriate name of the Intermediate Progressivists, but whom I myself prefer to describe as the Crétin Primitives. They delighted in the frank recognition of the contra-positional attitude towards composition and a highly mannered coloration and pigmentation which easily recalls to the critic the painted bas-reliefs at San Martinengo, in Lower Calabria, and by 1486, six years before Columbus set sail on his

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memorable voyage, the impact of this delightful influence was making itself felt as far north as a line drawn between Citroen-le-Petit (Poitou) on the west, and Szechynsczpol (Prszmon-tszsz) on the east. The celebrated ceiling in the Stadtsaal at Mermenstburg-am-Oder is both typical and representative, but north of this imaginary line the sphere of Crétin influence is hardly perceptible, although Prof. von der Goltz, Ph. D., claims that the painted crockery of Stjornheim (Sweden) shows a decided leaning towards a semiattitudinal mannerism not unconnected with the vitalistic grouping of figures characteristic of Gil de Siloe or the less familiar Mateo de la Palmoliva.

Geographical Influence on Æsthetics.

These were stirring times indeed. In 1487, five years before Columbus set sail on his memorable voyage, Franz von Ochs had returned to his atelier at Uberalles, bearing with him traces of the influence of Umbria and Tuscany and the



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Northern Italian hinterland generally, as his unforgettable canvasses at the Palazzo Isotta Fraschini in Rome will prove to the most casual observer. Nor did he return in vain. His vivifying influence was soon perceptibly discernible in . . .

(Dokt. Undsoweiter's lucid exposition of 15th century art will already be sufficiently clear to our quick-witted readers without our printing the whole text of his brilliant commentary. — Editor, O. of E.)

THE OGRAPHIES



V

THE OGRAPHIES

The Future of Geography.

IN no branch of Science has there been a more fundamental and radical revision of ancient tenets and long-accepted theories consequent upon the vast upheaval brought about by the great and universal cataclysm of the World War than in the subject of *Geography*. Before the war, for example, we used to be taught that the world was round — but already it has been flattened out considerably by the Conference at Versailles, and there are those who predict that it will resemble the shape of a pancake before the two hundred and twenty-five sub-committees of the Reparations Commission have completed their agenda. Also, the world used to be regarded as one perfect, solid sphere — but since



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the war it has been divided into more segments than a boarding house apple pie.

Equally obsolete from the standpoint of post-war Science is the study of geography by means of maps and atlases, emphasizing as they do economically useless mountains in place of oil wells, spheres of influence instead of offices of the American Relief Administration. But for this problem, too, Science has discovered a solution. In place of the outworn map and atlas, the modern geographer uses a table of international exchanges. By their roubles, yen, pesos, dinars, kronen, marks and francs, ye shall know them !

Distribution of Industries.

Another phase of the progress of modern geography is the discovery of the fundamental subdivisions of the world, not into land and water, as the geographers of the old school did, or into empires, republics and kingdoms, but rather into countries that are *dry* and countries

THE O G R A P H I E S



that are *wet*. But do not confuse this with the rainfall charts often printed in the best atlases. This is something quite different. Also, the sphere of influence of Hollywood, California, traced the world over by the special movie experts of “The Outline of Everything,” is a subject that will reward the study of faithful students. In conclusion, it is worthy of note that in so far as maps are still in use, the capitals of nations and the sites of famous battles have been robbed of their old delusive importance. Lausanne, Geneva and Genoa for the conference industry ; Detroit for Henry and Hollywood for Charlie ; and Mosul for oil and the sanctity of mandates — these are the key-points that a serious student of “The Outline of Everything” should know.

Photography (Spirit).

We take *spirit* photography as the only branch of photography worthy of serious treatment as a science, the other forms having been



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almost entirely appropriated by our realistic novelists. Spirit photography is so called because one cannot expect to obtain satisfactory results in this direction without entering into the spirit of the thing. A sensitive soul, and a plate equally sensitized by an exposure or two previous to the experiment, are the two essential items in the equipment of the spirit photographer.

Total Rout of Scepticism.

At enormous expense and with infinite pains, the author of this article recently obtained a spirit photograph that is herewith given as an illustration to "The Outline of Everything." It will blast once and for all the disparaging and invidious detractions of all those who take it upon themselves to revile and calumniate anything in the Progress of Science that is illogical and therefore beyond the reach of their puny intelligence. And we trust, not without a certain feeling of satisfaction at our strenuous



AT AN ENORMOUS EXPENSE THE AUTHOR HAS OBTAINED A SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH ACTUALLY TAKEN IN THE HOME-
LY INTERIOR OF A CORNER SALOON IN A LITTLE
VILLAGE IN KENT. Page 80.

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efforts bearing fruit, that it will bear out conclusively our contention that in "The Outline of Everything" we are giving a lot for the money. Note the other worldly grace of those ethereal figures! The sublime look on their faces, as, joining hands, they trip the light fantastic! The elfin beauty of their costume, and the puck-like fancy that darts from their disingenuous, earth-free eyes! And yet we can certify, not only by the sworn statement of the author of this article, attested by the editor of "The Outline of Everything," but by the affidavits of no less than a dozen witnesses, that this very photograph was actually taken in the homely interior of a corner saloon in a little village in Kent, in England.



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VI

THE OSOPHIES

THE terminal ending “osophy” is in reality and in essence a vulgarization. Its original form was “ossify,” meaning “to bone.” And those of our readers who have studied in their schooldays the history of *Philosophy*, one of the two great branches of this department of human knowledge, will readily understand why the termination thus disguised itself.

Editorial Presence of Mind.

The other of the great *Osophies* is, of course, *Theosophy*. Consistently with our immutable policy of treating one phase of the world’s wisdom at a time, and not treating more than is absolutely necessary, we have decided to deal with only one of these two difficult sub-

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jects, since, by reason of their all-embracing character, one must necessarily include the other in the long run. There was here a dilemma. Which was it to be? Well, we referred the matter to our consultant organizing supervisor, Sir J. Arthur Wellswater, and he, taking from his pocket two half dollars (just enough to pay for one of his precious words of wisdom!), tossed them in the air. The result, he said, was “both heads,” and bade us proceed with :

A BRIEF BUT NEVERTHELESS COMPREHENSIVE
HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY FROM PLATO TO EINSTEIN

Idealism in the Home.

We have seen (cf. the Bedtime Story of Mankind) how Plato was the great exponent of the doctrine that whatever is, isn't. What this means, dear reader, is that the chair you are sitting on is not a real chair at all, and the table beside you is not a real table, the roof over your head is not a real roof, and the Outline you are



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reading is not a real Outline. We realize that at first blush, to one unacquainted with the metaphysical metempsychoses and inherent involutions of philosophical talk, this will be difficult to comprehend. But if you will only stop to reflect, dear reader, that the whisky you have been drinking since the war has not been real whisky, and the cigars you have been smoking have not been real cigars, perhaps the problem will be brought a little nearer home.

Hopes for a Future Existence.

What Plato meant, however, was that the chair you are sitting on is only a sort of crude model of a Perfect Chair, containing the essence of everything that a chair should be, which is locked up somewhere in heaven, presumably in the Weights and Measures Department. The same applies, of course, to the tables and the roof. . . . Whether it applies also to the whisky and the cigars, one can only guess, for Plato did not say. . . . But we have our hopes.



"PLATO'S IDEA OF LOVE WAS WHAT IS TECHNICALLY
KNOWN IN LITERATURE AS HOT STUFF." Page 85.

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Plato (like Bernard Shaw) wrote his philosophical treatises in the form of dialogues. If, like Bernard Shaw, he had only written prefaces to explain them, the world to-day would be richer by the absence of at least forty thousand philosophical treatises, and 66,423 professors of philosophy. But he didn't, and so he was misunderstood. For example, Plato's idea of love was what is technically known in Literature (cf. the *Tures*) as Hot Stuff. But to-day, when we speak of Platonic love, we think of a middle-aged flapper cooing words of intellectual affection, and a friend of the opposite sex who is nothing but what a brother, or even a grandson, should be.

Aristotle, a rival philosopher, was the originator of Scientific method in philosophy. The Scientific method consists in learning the facts — any facts at all will do; it's best to take a few small ones at the start — and then building theories around these.



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The Great Divide.

All of us, dear reader, whether we know it or not, are either Platonists or Aristotelians. This is a hard and fast classification, and it is a great landmark in human knowledge. Only once in the history of philosophy was a more rigid basis of classification ever reached, and the credit of this discovery, curiously enough, belongs to an eminent brewer, who divided all mankind into the Wattlyers and the Minesas. The Wattlyer, according to this authority, is the man who says "What'll yer have?" — and the Minesa is the man who says "Mine's a beer." Unfortunately, this classification has no official standing, since brewers are seldom allowed to air their views in scholarly journals or from the rostra of our great seats of learning.

Caution in Philosophic Speculation.

We come now to the next two great philosophers to philosophize along original lines — René Descartes and Francis Bacon. Descartes

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is celebrated for the greatest piece of foolishness, and also one of the greatest bits of wisdom, ever discovered. The foolishness is in his historic remark that common sense is a quality shared by all men. Nowadays we know that it is not only shared by all men but is very rare among philosophers. The piece of wisdom was in the saying: "I think, therefore I am." Even this has been amended, however, to read: "I think, therefore I think I am." One cannot be too certain of anything, dear reader, especially if one is a philosopher.

Francis Bacon gave to the world a book entitled "The Advancement of Learning," in which, among other things, he pointed out the four kinds of delusion that men usually labour under when they think they are thinking. The modern sciences of Publicity and Propaganda, however, have given us at least forty new ones to get on with.

Kant was the bright spirit who first demonstrated, with watertight logic, that the end



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justifies the means. Getting to the end of one of Kant's books is justified by any means at all. We discovered this for ourselves at school, and bound "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" inside the sober covers of his "Critique of Pure Reason." Kaiser Wilhelm II and the editor of "The Outline of Everything" thus stand together the two most eminent disciples of this German philosopher.

It's no good mentioning the name of Nietzsche to our intelligent and discerning readers, for they would impatiently exclaim: "Oh! Shaw!" And it's no good mentioning Emerson either, since several great inspirers of the American millions have copyrighted him. That brings us logically to a chap named Einstein, the greatest, save one, of living philosophers, and the inventor of jazz philosophy.

Progress of Relativity Assured.

Einstein once remarked that there were only three people in the world capable of under-

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standing his philosophy, the theory of relativity. He was wrong. There are four, the fourth being the editor of "The Outline of Everything," and when the vast and multitudinous throng of readers of "The Outline of Everything" have digested the compressed knowledge, the tabloid learning, the pemmican wisdom of our epoch-making Outline, there will be many, many thousands more.

The way to understand these theories is to *visualize them*. Every night before I go to bed, I myself visualize at least one branch of human knowledge. Well, when I first read about Einstein's theory, in my favourite Sunday newspaper, said I to myself: "A-ha! Now what does this remind you of?" I closed my eyes and thought hard and long. And then I had an inspiration — in fact, an Inspiration! This is what I visualized:

Years, years ago, in the days of my youth, before I became the world's greatest outlinist, I was but a poor rural swain, and my tasks in-



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cluded that of feeding the chickens, both at morn and sundown. Well, there was one fowl in the flock that was rather peculiar — it was a hen in all particulars save one, which was that it had webbed feet. In my ignorance I used to regard it as a hen with the feet of a duck.

But later, when I was reading about Einstein's theory of relativity, it all came back to me with a rush. *Why* was that strange creature, that prodigy of nature, necessarily a *hen*? Why could it not be a *duck*, with the head, neck and body of a hen? . . . And in that flash of Inspiration, that moment of Vision, I had discovered :

The Theory of Relativity !

And now I ask myself :

Why can't things fall up as well as down ?

Why does the road cross the chicken ?

Why is it that I, who held my position as a tramcar conductor for only two weeks, afterwards became a great Efficiency Expert ?

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The answer is: I do not know. . . . Or,
to put it more succinctly, I dunno. . . .
It is the secret of . . . relativity.



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VII

THE ISMS

THE Isms are indeed a complicated subject. They are frequently a subject of bitter controversy, and something about the sound of them seems to get some people on the raw. How complicated they are can readily be apprehended when one considers that the Isms are for the most part a post-war manifestation. Already, according to the Secretary of the Interior, 3,275 varieties have been notified; and the total swells with every new quarterly review.

Normally, of course, we should treat each of these Isms separately and at length, for it is never the policy of "The Outline of Everything" to slur over any department of human knowledge, however brief its lineage. But we shall not insult the intelligence of our readers with this needless labour. We recommend each of

THE ISMS



them instead to manufacture a few Isms at home in his spare time.

All that is needed is a pair of tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, a dictionary, and a plan for remaking the world. The last is quite essential, but every free-born self-respecting American has at least one. The dictionary will provide two big words where one grew before. The glasses (or at least the rims) are indispensable at the photographer's.

And meanwhile, leaving you to practice this mild amusement by your fireside (*N.B. No prizes are available. Send no results to this office.*), we shall proceed to offer you the benefits of a lifetime of research in the most firmly established of the Isms, viz.:

A CONCISE AND INFORMATIVE ANALYTICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ISMS, ANCIENT AND MODERN

Spiritualism. A spook in the wheels of progress.

Liberalism. Honesty is the best policy (cf. the works of Lord Riddlebrook, *passim*).



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Liberalism is the next best.

Socialism. An ingenious and labour-saving device for running the world on the plan of Sing-Sing.

Conservatism. The doctrine of self-preservation.

Individualism. Well, it follows logically, doesn't it?

Pelmanism. The Hire Education for all.

Coueism. See Browning's great poem, "The Pip Passes."

Mendelism. A science teaching us to be careful in the choice of ancestors.

Industrialism. A form of sabotage committed on the Twentieth Century by the Nineteenth.

Freudianism. A complex study for the simple-minded.

And so on. It's easier than you'd thought, isn't it? We suggest that our readers amuse themselves with the Higher Journalism and Anachronism as simple exercises to be performed at home. You'll soon get into it.

THE ONOMIES



VIII

THE ONOMIES

There are Stars and Stars.

AMONG the Onomies, priority is rightly given to *Astronomy*, by reason of its obvious seniority and the lofty dignity of its subject-matter. You may find that many contemporary writers, especially those with political tendencies, are inclined to give *Economy* the foremost place. But the editor of "The Outline of Everything" refuses to be led astray by any such ephemeral considerations. From boyhood up he has always been deeply impressed, not only by the surprisingly large number of stars, but also by the strange beauty of their names (which one could almost imagine were deliberately invented), the unvarying regularity of their appearance and



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disappearance, and the skill of their arrangement in the heavens.

The study of the stars was originated by the Chaldeans, who, as every text-book, however humble, will tell you, were the first astronomers. Indeed, in all the works of reference available in our palatial offices, we can find nothing else recorded of the Chaldeans, so we may fairly assume that they were an industrious people of nocturnal habits, who were thus able to get a good start made on this fascinating subject so peculiarly their own. After their time, however, astronomy continued to make rapid progress, owing to the invention of:

1. The telescope, an instrument which, if held the right way up, enables us to examine the stars and constellations at close quarters. If held the wrong way up, however, the telescope is of little or no use.
2. The compass, an ingenious device like a clock with a loose hand, which enables

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those who know how to work it, to locate the Pole Star at a glance. It is also found useful by mariners and political writers who have run short of metaphorical expressions.

Eclipses not to be Dreaded.

The discoveries of astronomy have done much to secure the stability of modern society. In less enlightened days, for instance, we should never have had the advantage of old Mr. Moore's useful almanack, in which the influence of the stars on Irish discontent, royal marriages, potato-planting, and other important activities is described for our guidance. Eclipses of the sun, again, were formerly the cause of much needless panic owing to their total unexpectedness. But the modern man need no longer fear these troublesome phenomena. He has only to look at his pocket diary to find the exact date and time of the next one. It will probably be invisible at Greenwich anyway, but in any case



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it is generally arranged by the Meteorological Office that it shall be wet or cloudy that day. So, thanks to astronomy, there is nothing to fear, and the long reign of superstition is, here at least, at an end.

The Immensity of Immensity Proved.

But before we conclude our outline of this ever-fascinating subject, we must try to bring home to our readers something of the immense immensity of the spaces and universes which form its realm. And this we can best do, not by rhetoric, not by diagrams, not by poetic flights, but simply by asking him a few questions. When he can answer "Yes" to them, he can be sure that he has realized the greatness of creation quite as fully as his editor. Here they are:

DO YOU REALIZE:

1. That the distance from the offices of "The Outline" to the sun is 342,568,922 miles, but that if the present work were printed *in one continuous line* of type it

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would only stretch 738,952 miles, or roughly $\frac{1}{500}$ of the way?

This shows, as nothing else can, the immensity of our task.

2. That the total ages of the whole staff (including typists) of "The Outline" is only 73,428 years, 5 months, while the total ages of the principal planets and *their* satellites amount to no less than 4,637,825,617,936,476,372,654,138,849 years, 4 months (figures to April 1, 1923)?

This should teach us humility, should it not?

3. That the Earth moves on its axial hypotenuse at an orbital centrifugal speed of 43,289 miles per second, or 4,637,833,956 times faster than the maximum speed of the Editor's travelling chair (see illustration)?
4. That it takes at least 358,255 years for a single ray of light to travel from Saturn to the offices of "The Outline"?

And this shows that even *we* cannot



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be expected to be very up-to-date in our news of astronomy.

However, we subpend a useful and lavish (though uncoloured) Plate which will help our readers to recognize the principal features of the celestial firmament (weather permitting):—

*	*
Venus (in the ascendant).	Venus (in the descendant).
*	*

Jupiter (as seen from Mercury).	Mercury (as seen from Jupiter).
*	*

The Earth
(as seen from Neptune).
*

Telephoto view of the principal canal of Mars.

The Milky Way
(close-up).

From the far, frozen silences of the immense infinitudes of this and other solar systems, it is a relief to turn to a less ambitious Onomy — Domestic *Economy*.

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The beauty of the terminological system of classification is here made even more apparent than usual: for under no mere alphabetical system* could such a transition be accomplished without a jerk, while Man is here shown in his relation to Eternity. It is a solemn thought

. . .

A Sensational Departure in Education.

In general, domestic *economy* is the art of keeping oneself alive. The main ground of this fascinating subject, then, has been adequately covered in other parts of this invaluable work. But since it is our duty to *complete* rather than to *repeat*, we propose to describe for the benefit of our eager readers the process of *knocking in a nail*, an operation of domestic economy which has hitherto never been adequately described in any existing work. And regardless

* "Except in the case of Chu-pp-L g, supreme encyclopædist to the Msfu dynasty, c. 5348 B.C." (J. K. L., Chinese expert). "We have heard this before" (J. A. W., Editor). "But it is quite true" (J. K. L., Chinese expert). "It is rude to interrupt" (J. A. W., Editor).



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of expense, we have commissioned a well-known Brooklyn joiner, with fifty-three years of all-round nail-driving experience, to give us the benefit of his advice. Here is his article :

To knock in a nail. Procure a nail and a hammer (or some similar instrument, neither too light to be ineffective nor too heavy to be unwieldy). Take these to the scene of work, being careful not to forget one or the other (as one without the other is practically useless, except for self-defence), and remembering also which is which. Then choose the place where you wish to knock in the nail. Nails, I should say here, may be knocked in perpendicularly, horizontally, or sometimes vertically.

Empiric Theory of Nails.

Ascertain which is the head and which the point of the nail. In fifty-three years experience in many of the best houses of this country, I have seen numerous nails, but in almost all cases I have found it easy to distinguish one end from

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the other. As a rough working rule, you may take it that the pointed end of the nail is its point, while the other end (opposite it, following along the line of the nail) is the head.

Grip the nail in the left hand, and place it firmly against the wall or board in such a way that the *point* of the nail touches the spot where you design to drive it in. Then clasp the hammer by the handle in the right hand (the hands may be reversed if you are left-handed), and strike the *head* of the nail with the hammer. Strike sharply, and watch the result with attention. If you have followed these instructions accurately, you will find that *the point of the nail is beginning to disappear into the wall!*

Encouraged by this, continue to strike the head of the nail with the hammer until you have driven it as far as you require for your purpose, whatever that may be. Then cease striking. A little practice will soon make you perfect, and, with a few exceptions, I have never known this process to fail.



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An interesting point in connection with this is that from this operation is derived the phrase “to hit the nail on the head” — and this, of course, is one of the main objects of every writer in “The Outline of Everything.”

Results of Gastronomical Research in the XX Century.

Gastronomy is an important subject not unconnected with the preceding theme. And here too we have found a strange gap in human knowledge: no reliable account of the fundamental process of *making water boil* is extant! We hasten to supply this astonishing deficiency, our London office having procured the expert opinion of the world-famous chef, Maître Xavier Crillon, who has given the matter long and no doubt profound consideration. His instructions were to carry out a series of careful experiments, and telegraph the result (regardless of expense)

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from his palatial *cuisine* in Paris. We reproduce his telegram *in extenso*: —

*Editor Outline of Everything, London, W. C.2,
Angleterre. Do not watch kettle, X. Crillon.*



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IX

HOW TO PREPARE AN OUTLINE AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE EVENINGS

By the Editor

AN Outline at home! In spare evenings! At first blush this may seem to be a stupendous task which we propose to our readers! Spare evenings indeed! When the Outline of Agriculture itself took six years, six thousand-odd experts, and \$200,000 of the best money and brains in England to produce? When the Outline of Insects alone cost a cool million dollars, including the cost of advertising, machinery and plant? Surely, our readers gasp, there must be some mistake?

But no. One thing that readers of "The Outline of Everything" may always apprehend of their editor is that he never makes a mistake.

HOW TO PREPARE AN OUTLINE



His decision is final.

We are in earnest.

An Instructive Hobby.

We shall make good our assertion that this is possible, daring as it may seem. We shall demonstrate clearly, in such wise that even the most feeble-minded of our friends may comprehend how the busiest of our readers may yet find time to indulge in the pleasurable (and by no means unprofitable) pastime of Making an Outline at Home in his Spare Evenings.

Well, to begin with, we shall assume that each of our eager clients has at his (or her) disposal, a strong pair of scissors, a paste-pot, and some sort of encyclopædia — the old one that Grandpapa used to have, and Grandmama kept persistently in the attic, will do well enough.

Place these articles ready to your hand.

We Must Remember the Past.

Then decide definitely what field of human



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knowledge your Outline is to cover. (Choose a special one, for we also assume that in the early stages of your training you will not attempt the stupendous task of doing an "Outline of Everything" on your own — a task at which we are ourselves aghast.) Suppose, for example, you decide on an Outline of Indigenous Wildflowers and Pansies, a nice homelike subject for beginners. Well, your first concern will be a nice picture for the frontispiece, the importance of which can hardly be overestimated. Look carefully through your encyclopædia, and see whether it doesn't contain a good striking picture of some sort — a Nubian chimpanzee eating pansy roots, or a wild pansy attacking a water-weed, let us say. But since the Headline is the most important thing, don't worry overmuch if the picture does not fit this conception exactly, for you can safely leave quite a lot to your readers' imagination. And if, by some unlucky chance, your encyclopædia does not contain any pictures of wild pansies

HOW TO PREPARE AN OUTLINE



at all, get one designed by the nearest artist, not mentioning your motive. Or, if you don't know any artists, go to the secondhand bookstores and carefully inspect the cheapest books. Above all things, the editor of an Outline must be resourceful, *and* economical. . . .

And so, having discovered the theory of illustrating an Outline, let us apply the same principles to the body of the book as to the cover. (Professional outlinists, of course, must hie them to the publishers and purchase the original blocks of the illustrations at a standard rate of 20 cents per sq. inch—a fact which accounts for the staggering expenditure incurred by the publishers of the better-known Outlines in dear old England, where all good Outlines grow. But for one intended only for the amusement of the family circle, this is unnecessary: the clipped-out illustrations will do very well.)

And then the text.



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Use of One's Critical Faculties.

Well, obviously it is no good merely to copy out the old encyclopædia. Science and learning advance at so alarming a speed nowadays that new realms are conquered in even a fortnight. Do not therefore just go and copy out the page where it says: "The wild pansy of the pre-glacial period, when aroused in defence of its young, stiffened its stem, congealed its leaves into icy prickles, and with a slight hissing sound emitted a dense and poisonous pollen into the surrounding atmosphere."

No. Instead you must cut this sentence out and paste it on a large sheet of white paper. Then write legibly in the margin: "It was formerly thought that ——" and draw a bold black arrow leading round to the words: "The wild pansy . . ." And the printer will do the rest. Then, at the foot of the paragraph, write: "But we see nothing to substantiate this belief." (For of all things an Outlinist must hold himself sternly impartial, with a

HOW TO PREPARE AN OUTLINE



mind open to all and any facts, yet never swayed by the howling blasts of controversy.)

And it will certainly help to insert a few footnotes. Nothing gives such a good impression of afterthoughts — and second thoughts, as is well known, are always best: it is even said that Mr. — well, somebody of international repute — is contemplating a gigantic Outline, which will consist *entirely* of footnotes. A noble project! Well, the best method is to put an asterisk (*) beside each word which you do not understand, and a dagger (†) beside the statements which you do not believe, or do not like. This will clarify your thoughts and stimulate those of your readers.

Pender's Paste is The Best (Advt.).

Of course, what is said in the footnotes does not matter very much. The point to remember is that in these you must never accept any statement, even your own, uncritically. Take nothing at its face value. Be suspicious of ex-



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perts, an overpaid race with closely-guarded interests of their own. Challenge. Question. Spare neither shears nor paste-pot. But always remember the guiding motto of this memorable age — “Safety First” — and never paste up anything without challenging its credentials.

And then your index. This is invaluable for easy reference to the vast congeries of facts which you will soon have put together. And remember that you must make it alphabetical, and with reference both to the text *and* to the footnotes which contradict it. This will prove your impartiality.

So persevere, and you can soon produce an outline of anything you like. And at a very reasonable fee, I, Hector B. Toogood, will consent to write a critical introduction to it myself — or even sign my name to it, if you yourself prefer to remain in modest anonymity.

And then — it will all be ready for the market.

H. B. T.

BEDTIME STORY OF MANKIND



X

A BEDTIME STORY OF MANKIND

(Time: 6.00 P.M. Wave Length: 1 metre.)

N.B. These pages may be detached from the main body of the Outline and taken up to the nursery separately. They are printed on specially woven untearable paper, and, being also water-proof, may be given to the children in the bath.

Dear chil-dren, be at your ease!

I, Hector B. Toogood, was once a child myself, and in fact I bore the name Hector B. Too-good at an early age, though my parents often called me Bertie. Now list-en in careful-ly.

On an ad-joining page you will find a picture of a foot cross-ing a riv-er. Do you see it? The pic-ture is sym-bolic. Look at the picture, and see if it does not remind you of



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some great feat of history. Surely you have heard of Cæsar crossing the Rubi-con and of Washington crossing the Del-a-ware! Well, as a meth-od of dem-on-strating (that's a big word, isn't it?) my love for you, chil-dren, I am go-ing to give a prize of my col-lected po-ems, in fourteen (14) vol-umes to the child who cuts out this pic-ture and col-ours it most beau-ti-fully. This will teach you the importance of high col-ouring in history, which can hardly be over-est-imated, children. Also, I will give a prize of my col-lected inspir-ation-al essays, in thirteen (13) vol-umes, to the fortu-nate child who finds the greatest number of ti-tles for this picture.

Now, the fol-lowing are all the facts of hist-ory that any intel-li-gent boy or girl needs to know :

1. *The An-cient World.*

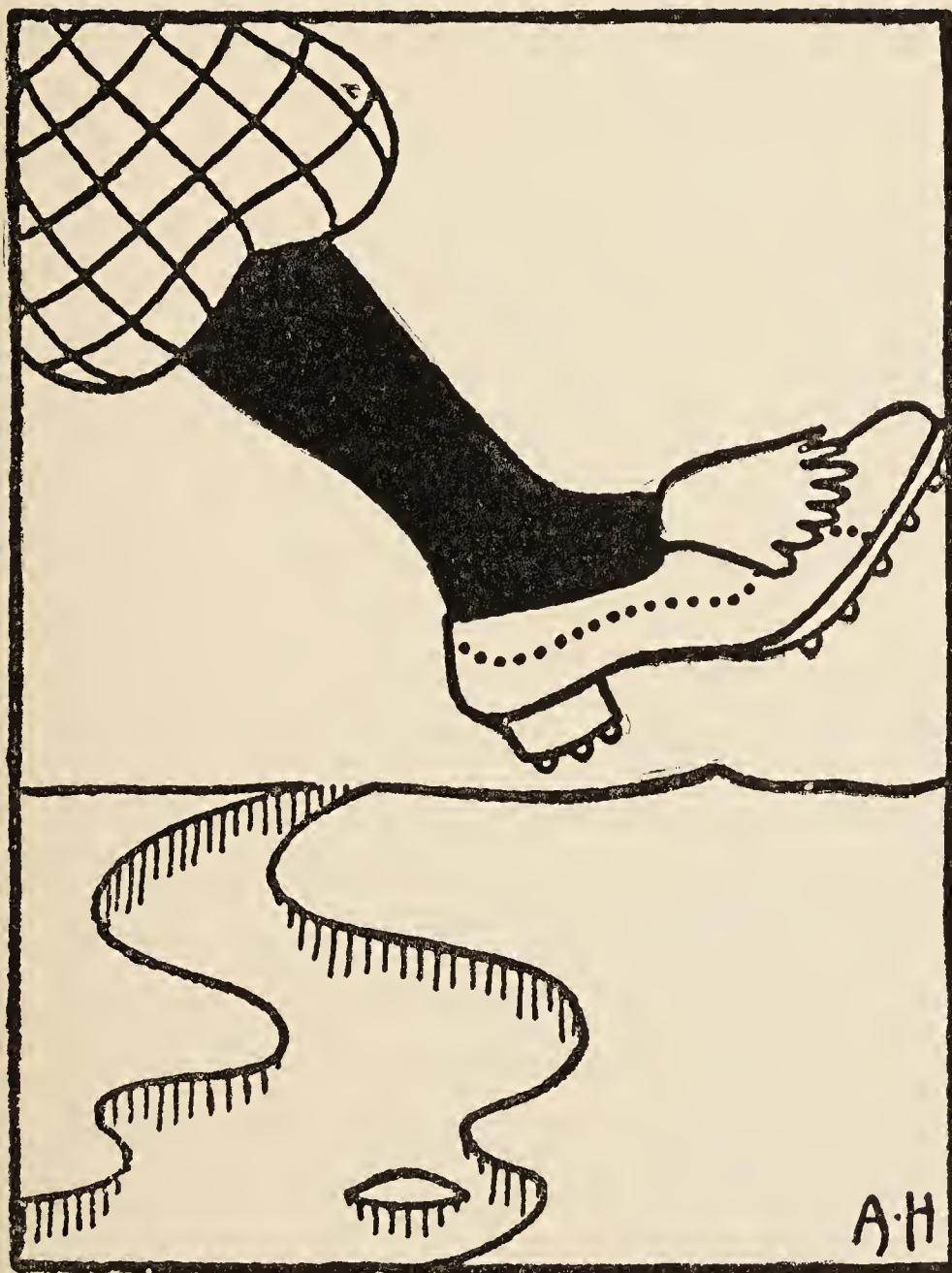
The an-cient Greeks lived in Greece, and the an-cient E-gyp-tians lived in Egypt. (The

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View on the Rhine, 1922

Napoleon Crosses the Beresina, 1812.



Washington Crosses the Delaware, 1776.

Cæsar Crosses the Rubicon, B.C. 49.

AN OUTLINE OF HISTORY FOR THOSE WHO CAN'T
READ.



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U-top-ians, how-ever, live most-ly in Lon-don and New York.)

2. *Egypt.*

E-gypt was the cradle of the world. But one of the an-cient E-gyp-tians fell out of the cradle, and bumped his head, slight-ly in-jur-ing it. His fore-head swelled, and so he be-came the first highbrow (see the *Ism*s — high-brow-ism). It was prob-a-bly this slight-ly de-ment-ed E-gyp-tian who in-vented the al-pha-bet, on which all written lit-er-a-ture is built. He chopped it out on rocks, and because in E-gypt all de-men-ted per-sons were thought to have in-spir-ation from the gods, the prac-tice grew. He is said to have been killed by a flying chip of rock while dot-ting an i. Poor fel-low!

The E-gyp-tians were all right for be-gin-ners, but com-pared with us they were a very ig-nor-ant peo-ple. Very: for in-stance, they em-balmed the bod-ies of their dead and thought that these would be safe and sound for-e-ver and

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e-ver, but Modern Sci-ence (see *Æsthetics*) has dug these up. Then a-gain the E-gyp-tians built Pyr-a-mids, which we can still see standing about in E-gypt: but they do not de-serve any credit for this, be-cause this was long before Tho-mas Cook was born, and Pyr-a-mids are no good for any-thing ex-cept the tour-ist trade.

3. *Greece.*

The Greeks were a ver-y no-ble peo-ple who had two great cit-ies, Ath-ens and Spar-ta. But the pop-u-lations of Ho-bo-ken in A-mer-i-ca and Ham-mer-smith in England, which are not cap-i-tal cit-ies to-day, are greater than those of an-cient Ath-ens and Spar-ta, so that Greece after all was only a pi-ker coun-try. Ath-ens was fa-mous for its sculp-ture, its phil-os-ophy, and its plays. Spar-ta was fa-mous for the war-like way in which the peo-ple lived: indeed, it was the most Spar-tan city that ever ex-isted. In Ath-ens lived Dem-os-the-nes, who is said



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to have gone a-bout with a lant-ern looking for an hon-est man. Fan-cy that, chil-dren !

In Ath-ens lived a man called Pla-to, who in-vented Pla-ton-ic love. But this is some-thing your mother would not want you to know about, for it fig-ures in many un-pleas-ant di-vorce cases. There was also a-nother phil-os-o-pher called A-ris-to-tle, whose i-deas were differ-ent. A-ris-to-tle thought that what-e-ver is, is, and Pla-to thought that what-e-ver is, isn't. This is real-ly all there is to it, but whole li-bra-ries have been written about the sub-ject.

In A-thens also lived a man called Soc-rates. He was a very good man who lived and died for his be-liefs. But some-bod-y else dis-cov-ered this first, so Mis-ter Wells says that he was a bad man. But Mis-ter Wells has writ-ten some good books, so I for-give him.

But, dear me ! I fear that I am taking up too much time with this sub-ject of Greece. There are two thou-sand years and a lot of coun-tries to get through with, and so I must

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con-tinue with Rome. But first I ought to say that the Greek of to-day is some-what different from the an-cient Greek. *Aut-res temps, aut-res mæ-urs*, as they say in their po-etic language. A great A-mer-ican phil-os-o-pher called Tad says that when Greek meets Greek they start a rest-aur-ant.

4. *Rome.*

The Ro-mans also were a no-ble peo-ple, I am glad to say. The Ro-mans were a greater peo-ple than the Greeks. You see, the Greeks stole all their i-deas from the E-gyp-tians, but the Ro-mans stole all their i-deas from the Greeks, and also made the Greeks pay tribute to them. The Ro-mans were great em-pire build-ers, and their greatest man in this art was Jul-ius Cæsar (see illustration — Cæsar Crossing the Rubi-con). But al-though Cæsar conquered the world, he was con-quered by Cleo-patra, a fa-mous cin-e-ma he-ro-ine. Cleo-patra was a wick-ed wo-man, but some day,



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hist-o-ry will record that she was more cin-e-ma-ed than sinning (the cin-e-ma, dear children, is the quaint En-glish word for the movies).

5. *The Middle Ages.*

The Middle Ages are called the Middle Ages be-cause they al-ways come in the middle of a hist-o-ry book. The man who dis-cov-ered the mid-dle a-ges is Mis-ter Chest-er-ton. (See the Utions — *Evolution.*)

The Mid-dle Ages were a merry time when beer was good and plen-ti-ful, and every man had his think-ing done for him, and learn-ed scholars discussed how many an-gels could dance on the point of a pin. These scholars, or school-men, as they are of-ten called, knew every-thing about the science of argu-ment that has e-ver been known. For ins-tance, if Ot-to said that twelve an-gels could do the pin-point ballet, and Ro-ger said the true number was thirteen, Ot-to pro-ceeded to say that Ro-ger was a eu-nuch and a mis-be-got-ten id-i-ot and an arch-



"U-SU-ALLY ONE IF NOT BOTH OF THEM WAS BURNED AT A
STAKE, AND THERE WAS A GREAT PUB-LIC FEST-I-VAL
AFTER-WARDS." Page 121.

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her-e-tic in the bar-gain, and Ro-ger said that Ot-to was a dis-ci-ple of the fiends and a fool of a cuck-old whose wife made sport of him, and each de-nounced the o-ther to an in-qui-si-tion. U-su-ally one if not both of them was burned at a stake, and there was a great pub-lic fest-i-val after-wards.

6. *The Renaissance.*

After the Middle Ages came the Re-nais-sance. This was the time when the learn-ing and art of the an-cient Greeks and Ro-mans was warmed over and served to the ea-ger intel-li-gentsia of Eu-rope. That is why the en-light-ened in-tel-lect-u-als of to-day, who are their des-cen-dants, are still suf-fer-ing from men-tal in-digest-ion, for warmed-up food is bad for the con-sti-tu-tion. (See the Onomies — *gastron-omy*.)

7. *The Birth of Modernity.*

We have seen how the Mid-dle Ages was the age of the School-men. It fol-lows log-ic-al-ly



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that the pres-ent day is the age of the school-marm. Let us brief-ly sur-vey the hist-o-ry of the world for the last five hun-dred years, and see how this ben-ef-i-cent change came about.

The Med-i-æ-val days were the age of chival-ry. Just as the ram-pa-geous and snort-ing ich-thy-o-saur-us fought for his gent-le mate (see the *utions* — Evolution) so the knight of old fought for his faire la-dye. No knight had real-ly earned his spurs until he had a-chieved a rec-ord of at least two o-ther knights killed be-fore break-fast. Now, the ladies did not wish the gent-le-men to be-come ex-tinct, as the ich-thy-o-saur-i had become, and so they prayed the gent-le-men to de-sist, and form de-bat-ing so-ci-eties instead. But then gun-powder was in-vent-ed, and the la-dies were foiled. This new game, be-ing very nois-y, was e-ven more fun than the old ones, and ev-ery duke and earl who had not in-her-it-ed a war ac-quired one by mar-riage, or else just but-ted

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in. The ladies grew an-noyed, for the men were too bus-y fighting for them to pay them any at-tent-ion at all. So they de-vel-oped a tem-per-a-ment, a thing which they had never pos-sessed before, and pro-ceed-ed to give the men-folk a taste of fight-ing at home.

And so you see that the fi-nal ab-o-lition of the hor-rors of war does not rest with the League of Na-tions, or the New Re-pub-lic after all. It rests with your mo-thers. Good-night, chil-dren !



THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING

XI

OUTLINE OF THE GREAT WAR

Specially Written by Commander Wuns-
more Chappill, formerly Ship's Printer
of the English Training Ship *Arethusa*.

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Czecho-Slovakia [except the prov. of Szeczyvncz],
Central Africa, and Brazil.)

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

No expense has been spared to secure for
readers of "The Outline of Everything" an ade-
quate survey of the World War which has had
such far-reaching effects on so many of the
branches of knowledge treated elsewhere in this
work.

OUTLINE OF THE GREAT WAR



The gallant old hulk *Arethusa* is well-known to everyone who ever paces the storm-bound shores of England between Blackfriars Bridge and Charing Cross Underground Station, in dear old London. But probably few have ever realized how important a part she and her dauntless crew played in the world cataclysm of 1914-1918.

This, Commander Chappill is fully capable of explaining, since, as ship's printer during these eventful years, he had unique opportunities of seeing the progress of the war *from the inside*. If his narrative strikes some readers as perhaps somewhat *personal* in flavour, let them remember that in this he is only following in the distinguished footsteps of his predecessors in military and naval apologies.

And anyway, the price which has been paid for the exclusive rights to these startling revelations is so incredibly high that it is bound to command respect for their accuracy.

H. B. T.



THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING

ME AND THE GREAT WAR

Memoirs of The Rt. Hon. Wunsmore Chap-
pill, Ship's Printer of the Training Ship
Arethusa.

A Dramatic Moment.

The first eager sparrows of the dawn were twittering gaily in Whitehall, and the morning sun, dispelling the mist that hung like a great shadowy film over the Thames Embankment, shone in its full radiance upon that noble monument, Cleopatra's Needle, in the distance, when my alarm clock rang harshly, and simultaneously the historic ship's bell of the *Arethusa* clanged eight times. Somehow, in some inexplicable way that I cannot explain, a cold chill of apprehension ran through my veins. I arose briskly and, clad in my frogged cerise pajamas, strode to my port-hole and gazed out upon the rapidly

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vanishing haze. Then I set to sharply on my matutinal calisthenics.

There was a rap, stern and imperious, ominously foreboding, at my cabin door. I told myself that it was only my morning cup of tea, but in the deep recesses of my heart I knew that that was not all. I was right. It was Lieutenant Albert Blenkinridge, my second-in-command.

“Sir,” he said, in a breaking voice, “I have a wireless message from Whitehall.”

* * * * *

The worst had come. As I sit now in the calm tranquillity of my study, endeavouring to reconstruct the awful tension of that moment, the strenuous labours of that crowded morning, even now I am assailed by a vague sorrow, not unmingled with a passing regret at the ingratitude of a great though democratic nation. . . . But no matter. Within half an hour I had issued the order for mobilisation of the *Arethusa*,



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and every man jack was at his appointed station. Within an hour the clarion call of a bugle issuing from the lower deck announced that the ship's printing-shop was a teeming hive of activity. Within an hour and a half I was fully dressed. Advancing with crisp strides to the seething centre of preparations, I was greeted with a deferential salute by my second-in-command, his face ashen grey with manfully concealed emotion. "Sir," he said simply, "the presses are running."

British Sang Froid.

"Exactly," I said. "Blenkinridge, I commend you. You have not failed. But above all things, Blenkinridge, you must keep calm."

"I will try, sir," he said. "I can but do my best. What are my orders?"

"Telephone through to the First Lord of the Kitchen," I commanded.

Within forty-five minutes of the issuance of

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the order, Blenkenridge returned to me with a neat proof-sheet. It read :

*Pea Soup,
Roast Mutton & Mashed Potatoes, Sauerkraut,
Rice Pudding
Camembert.*

I took from my pocket the pencil that I have carried at all times, and resolutely drew a firm, heavy line across the word "sauerkraut." In its place I wrote "chutney."

"Mr. Blenkinridge," I said, "I take upon my own shoulders the responsibility of altering these orders. From this day on, no German dishes shall reach the tables of the *Arethusa*, so far as I am concerned — and I am prepared to bear the consequences." "But, sir," he said hesitantly, "the sauerkraut has already been cooked, and is ready in large vats in the kitchen."

The Nelson Touch.

"Mr. Blenkinridge," I said, "what has been cooked concerns me not in the least. I do not



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invade the province of the culinary department, and I make no criticism. But the printing-presses of the *Arethusa* are indubitably under my command, and while they remain under my command, no sauerkraut shall be printed. Sauerkraut it may be in the kitchen, but chutney it shall be on the menu. Do you understand?"

"Very good, sir," said Blenkinridge. Saluting smartly he clicked his heels, wheeled around and strode off to carry out my command.

"I shall be criticized for this," I told myself, grimly — "hardly criticized. I shall be reviled by the culinary command, calumniated in the popular press. There will be defences, explanations, red herrings, to make. No matter. I shall not make them. Above all things my work must go on, and if my good name must suffer for my principles, I, for one, shall not grudge the sacrifice."

Sauerkraut it was, indubitably, on the tables that night. But chutney it was on the menu.

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I allowed myself a grim smile, for I had won my first victory.

Of the stormy days and nights that followed, the anxieties that etched on my face those deep-graven lines of care which the world sees there to-day, the tumultuous excitements that flashed upon my overcast horizon with every flash and spark of the straining antennæ of the *Arethusa's* wireless, the fierce flush of victory and the dull crushing lethargy of reverse, I shall have much to say before I lay down my pen. First, though, I shall deal manfully with my calumniators.

A Yellow Peril.

All the world knows how, on the fifth of October, 1915, England rang with the story of how a group of documents comprising the complete dinner-menus of the *Arethusa* for the whole of the preceding week fell into the hands of the enemy, with the result that Long Ti, a Chinese mess-boy who was discontented with the fare, was bribed into the German service by the offer



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of a thousand yards of wurst. There is no need for me here to recapitulate the deplorable and tragic story of how Long Ti, before his capture, court-martial and subsequent execution, concealed a store of carpet tacks in the plum pudding of the ship's company, and deposited powdered lignite in a gallant Admiral's red-pepper castor.

Prevalence of Truth.

Long Ti has been dealt with, and his name and the story of his fate will long be a thing of terror to the enemies of England. But true it is that information of military value fell into the hands of the enemy, and that it was for me, as commander of the ship's presses, to assume the responsibility. My shoulders are broad and they have borne many burdens. I do not murmur. But sooner or later, under the inexorable law of eternal justice, Truth must prevail, and I now for the first time unfold the secret story of the theft of the menus, pregnant as it is with

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significant exposures, with revelations of a character the sensationalism of which I cannot but deplore.

The Absent Warrior.

On the night of the fourteenth of October, 1915, the *Arethusa*, under secret orders, steamed slowly up the Thames, and silently anchored in the hospitable shadow of Westminster Bridge. It was a dramatic voyage. How many Londoners, lying abed on that autumnal night, dreamed of the silent, unassuming security which that brave old vessel was giving them as she cut the down-flowing current past the high, shuttered windows of the Savoy and the classic dignity of Adelphi Terrace? When our moorings were made fast, I came on deck. And, peering through the veiled darkness with my glasses as I stood on the bridge* beside the captain I felt a great sorrow and a great joy well up in my heart as I beheld the splendid shimmer of Cleo-

* Not Westminster Bridge, but the bridge of the "Arethusa."



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patra's Needle in the distance and the dim glow of the lights of the County Council trolleys, emitting a subdued clang as they came to the crossing, then vanishing into the mysterious haze, like ships that pass in the night. . . . Sorrow, because duty kept me from the bosom of my family, at that moment wrapt in slumber in the peaceful shades of South Kensington, whilst *I* stood on the bridge of the *Arethusa* in the chill night, my glasses glued to my eyes, buffeted by gales and spume, and weighted down by multifarious anxieties. Joy, because it had been given me to serve, to withstand wind and rain and storm, and for my country to defy whatever menace of raider or lurking submarine might be waiting to deal out sudden death, there in the dark reaches of the swirling Thames.

Treachery in High Places.

Suddenly I drew myself up to my full height. I focussed my glasses on an adjacent section of the embankment wall. A small boy stood toy-

OUTLINE OF THE GREAT WAR



ing with a pea-shooter. "Go away!" I cried sternly. *I had seen that boy before*, as the following paragraphs will unfold.

In answer he laughed mockingly, and there was something in that laugh that aroused strange forebodings, for it was not the care-free and innocent laughter of youth. . . . There was something Hunnish in that laugh. Looking around, I saw that the navigating officer had gone below. *I was left to face this situation — alone.* Again I raised my glasses to my eyes, only to be distracted by a cunning ruse. Lifting his pea-shooter to his lips and taking aim, he shot a pea that with deadly accuracy struck the exposed surface of my Adam's apple, and, gliding off my collar, rolled down my neck. "So this is what the admiralty has reduced me to!" I muttered bitterly, and, leaning over the rail, I brandished my fist in the night and vowed revenge. At that instant I was startled to hear a dull thud. It was the crack of a blunt weapon against my head. I knew no more.



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When I awoke I was back in South Kensington, with my wife bending over me solicitously. "The documents!" I screamed out in my delirium. "The documents!"

Then I came to for a moment, and saw the anguish written in large letters on her face. A tear formed in her eye, and with a dull splash dropped on my counterpane. "I know all," I said. "They are — gone."

"They are — gone," she said slowly.

Once more I lapsed off into delirium, and when again I returned to consciousness, I said to her earnestly: "It is not my fault. The Admiralty . . ."

"I know," she replied sympathetically. "The Admiralty. . . . But will the politicians and those nasty newspapers understand?"

A Glimpse into Secret History.

They didn't. But perhaps they will understand, perhaps the facts of the matter will be brought home even to their crude intelligence,

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when the following documents, now released for the first time from my secret and official files, have been given to the world. First this extract from my diary, dated September 17th, 1915:

“9.45 p.m. Saw small boy standing on Embankment near Westminster Bridge. Carrying a small weapon, apparently a pea-shooter. Demanded in stentorian voice: ‘What are you doing there?’

“‘None of your —— business,’ he replied.

“Looks suspicious. Must write to Admiralty.”

“Sept. 19th. Moored near Westminster Bridge again. Again saw small boy. Must write to Admiralty.”

But, when I saw him again on the succeeding night, I delayed no longer. Nor did I pause for the slow process of the mails. I dashed off an



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urgent message, and, calling Blenkinridge, I said :

“Mr. Blenkinridge, you will send this wireless message to the Admiralty.” He saluted smartly, and disappeared. My message read :

“14/25. *Small boy standing on embankment observing movements The Arethusa Armed with pea-shooter Looks suspicious*
“Chappill.”

It was five days before I received a reply, in cypher. Decoded, it read :

“*Take measures.*”

Now, how was I to take measures, and what measures was I to take? I leave it to any fair-minded man. My authority held good only on the high seas, and the moment I set foot on the Embankment I was an ordinary Londoner, shorn of my power. I was on the horns of a great dilemma. At last I decided to look elsewhere for assistance, and, as my files will bear out, I sent the same despatch, adding only the

OUTLINE OF THE GREAT WAR



one word "Urgent" to the Chief of the Intelligence Department. He replied :

"Sorry. Powerless act. Comes within province London County Council. Urge refer Scotland Yard."

A Dignified Retort.

This I firmly and flatly refused to do. It was beneath the dignity of a naval officer in a post of high authority ; it was most irregular ; and a long and intimate acquaintance with the methods of Scotland Yard, acquired in the study of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's works, told me it was futile. Baring my breast to the storm, I wirelessly back :

"His Majesty's Navy needs no assistance from Scotland Yard. Assume full responsibility."

On the day when I was discharged from the Infirmary, I took a taxi to the Admiralty and



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demanded an immediate transfer to a duty that would bring me at closer grips with the enemy. "I would oblige you," said my chief, that battered old sea-dog, "but there are no mine-sweepers in the Lake in Kensington Gardens."

There was a catch of emotion in his voice.

The rest of the sad story I have told. But I have suffered for King and Country.

THE END

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